

THE
HISTORY
OF
Henry the Fifth.
AND THE
TRAGEDY
OF
MUSTAPHA,

Son of SOLIMAN the Magnificent.



Written by the Right Honourable
The EARL of ORRERY.

LONDON,

Printed for H. Herringman, and sold by Joseph Knight, formerly
at the *Blue Anchor* in the *New-Exchange*, now removed to
the *Popes's Head* in the *Outward Walk*. 1690.

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The Persons.

King *Henry* the Fifth.
Duke of *Bedford*, his Brother.
Duke of *Exeter*, his Uncle.
Earl of *Warwick*.
Archbishop of *Canterbury*.
Owen Tudor the King's Favourite.

Mr. *Harris*.
Mr. *Underhill*.
Mr. *Cogan*.
Mr. *Angel*.
Mr. *Lylinston*.
Mr. *Betterton*.

The *Dauphin*.
Duke of *Burgundy*,
Earl of *Chareloys*, his Son.
Constable of *France*.
De Chastel, the *Dauphin's* Creature.
Bishop of *Arras*.
Count of *Blamont*.
Mounſieur *Colemore*.
Queen of *France*.
Princess *Katherine*, her Daughter.
Princess *Anne* of *Burgundy*.
The Countess of *La Marr*.
French Ladies.
Heraulds.
Guards.

Mr. *Young*.
Mr. *Smith*.
Mr. *Cadiman*.
Mr. *James Noke*.
Mr. *Norris*.
Mr. *Samford*.
Mr. *Medborn*.
Mr. *Floyd*.
Mrs. *Long*.
Mrs. *Betterton*.
Mrs. *Davis*.
Mrs. *Norris*.

The Persons

King Henry the Fifth.
 Duke of Bedford, his Brother.
 Duke of Exeter, his Uncle.
 Earl of Warwick.
 Archbishop of Canterbury.
 Owen Tyll, the King's Favourite.
 Mr. Bitterton.
 Mr. I. I. I.
 Mr. Angely.
 Mr. Cogswell.
 Mr. Harkerbill.
 Mr. Harris.

The Dappin.
 Duke of Burgundy.
 Earl of Charolais, his son.
 Constable of France.
 Dr. Cassel, the Dappin's Chamberlain.
 Bishop of Arras.
 Count of Blois.
 Mountbatten Chamberlain.
 Queen of France.
 Princess Katherine, her Daughter.
 Princess Joan of Burgundy.
 The Countess of La Mar.
 French Ladies.
 French Ladies.
 Guards.
 Mr. Floy.
 Mr. Melbourn.
 Mr. Sampford.
 Mr. Norris.
 Mr. James York.
 Mr. Cadman.
 Mr. Smith.
 Mr. Young.
 Mrs. Davis.
 Mrs. Petterson.
 Mrs. Long.

Henry the Fifth.

The FIRST ACT.

Enter King Henry the Fifth, the Duke of Exeter, the Duke of Bedford, and Owen Tudor, with Attendants.

King. **T**His is the day in which our Valour must
Prove to the *French*, our claim to *France* is just;
Since 'twill no other way be understood,
It must be writ in Characters of blood.

By injuries they us to Battel call
Denying us our part, they forfeit all;
'Tis fit in number they should us exceed,
That odds the *French* against the *English* need;
That odds which both obliges them and me;
Brings them to Fight, and us to Victory.

Exeter. Heav'n left us purposely but few for fight,
To shew the World, by your success, your right.

Bedford. They seem't acknowledge Heav'n is not their Friend;
Since on their boasted numbers they depend;
Which when their cause is reckon'd, we should prize,
As Heav'n accounts them, for a Sacrifice.

Enter Earl of Warwick.

Exeter. The Earl of *Warwick* in his looks does bring
Some News of high importance to the King.

Warw. Arm! Arm! Great Sir, the *Foe* is in our view,
And has a Herald sent to challenge you.

King. Tell him, I in this Field possess all *France*,
From which I'll ne'r retire, but may advance;
In vain they threaten War, or promise Peace;
They boast their numbers, which we will not less;

They are enow both to destroy and save;
But were they more, they here might find a Grave.
Take care the Herald so rewarded be,

That he may know his Message pleases me,
Under their Standards, as I order'd you.

Are all my Troops fixt in the form I drew?
Warw. They are, and like our face, all looks agree.

Resolving and fore-telling Victory.
King. Who e're a room to other thoughts affords,

Injures our Quarrel, and mistakes our Swords.
Warw. How short a time, and narrow space of ground,

Is'twixt your Conquest, and your being Crown'd?
King. To make both shorter, I will it might advance,

And by two Titles wear the Crown of *France*;
Uncle, to your Command with speed repair;

The right Wing, Brother, does expect your care;
Both

Both to the field of Battel lead the way,
Whilst but a moment I wish Tudor stay.

Oh my best Friend! thy sadness must blame
Canst thou now think on any thing but Fame?

Tudor When I reflect how many dangers still
You must attempt, how many more you will

King. Reflect on dangers which must glory win.

Tudor. Excuse me, if my duty makes me sin
Since I no other way can grateful prove,
I'll rather show my fear, than hide my love.

King. That I to thee may proofs of mine dispence,
I now stay here, though glory calls me hence:

When Fame, when Life, and Empire are at stake,
All thoughts of those for thee I can forsake;
Banish thy grief by thinking on that praise,
Which shall thy name so high in Battel raise,
That all my future favours men may say

Are not what I bestow, but what I pay.

Tudor. What you have said and done brings me relief,
This day I will deserve your love or grief.

King. Speak not of grief, but think on that applause
Which Heav'n doth still allow the just to have.

Tudor. Why should he be by too much courage lost,
Of whom alone this World has cause to boast?

Dauph. Let me know what I can do to obtain
I'll live retir'd since I'm deny'd to reign.

My Mother, having got the Regency,
Does either hate, or is afraid of me.

But I perceive by my retirement here
I shun her malice, and suppress her fear.

I shall (if I to Paris soon return)
Her hatred feel, or which is worse, her scorn.

De Chast. But shall you, the undoubted heir,
Sit idly peaceful in an active War?

And let his Enemy the Throne ascend?

Dauph. He who my wrongs revenges, is my Friend.

De Chast. you have often heard me say
That in this War I might the Army lead.

On me so high a trust he'll not bestow,
And any other trust I think too low.

A Prince whose Soul as well as Body is given
If he in glory cannot shine, should never live.

From Courts I am condemn'd to this ignoble life,
From noble toils of War to ignoble strife.

Where undisturb'd I sit for hours on fire,
And honour makes me rather chide to live

Equal with Men who worth the Government,
Than be at Court and there nor be a King.

De Chast. Though I could see her face, Sir, has been
Such as not fits a Mother or a Queen.

Yet, Sir, consider whilst from her you fly
You more exalt the Duke of Burgundy.

Dauph.

HENRY the Fifth

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Dauph. That fatal name my fury doth advance:
'Twas he who murder'd Royal Orleans;
And though the Queen recovers my esteem,
No Palace can have space for me and him.

De Chast. Return the sooner to revenge that blood;
No Man has well his interest understood,
Who to enjoy it scrupl'd at the way:
He who builds high must low foundations lay.
I by the Queen for your return am sent,
Her harsh behaviour she does now repent:
By kind submissions you may rule her heart,
And what's deny'd by kindness, gain by Art;
With small compliance you'll suppress her hate,
When Nature's Judge, and Duty Advocate,
Your absence, Sir, has cast your party down:
Few follow those on whom the Prince does frown.

Dauph. Thou in all storms hast been my constant Friend,
I'll on thy wisdom and thy care depend;
'Tis just I should to thy advice submit,
For he who makes my Fate should govern it.

De Chast. With this glad news I will out-ride the Post,
And e'er you come to Court, I'll clear the Coast. [Exeunt.]

Enter the Queen of France, Princess Katherine, Princess Anne of Burgundy, Duke of Burgundy, and their Train.

Queen. This is the day Alanson sent us word,
He would our Fate determine by the Sword;
Which he has hastned, hearing by his Spies
The Plague had so impair'd our Enemies,
That more delay would make our Princes dream
They should not come to kill, but bury them;
And France would be oblig'd for her defence,
Not to their Swords, but to that Pestilence.

Burgun. Since from th' eternal Pop'r that Rod is sent,
Why from his hand take we the punishment?
And this insulting, Madam, makes me fear
Our Ruine rather than our Triumph near:
Those English Swords on which he sets no price,
Lately cut down our *Flower de Luce* twice;
And to King Edward's Piety we owe
The miracle that now again they grow.

Queen. France justly might the English valour dread,
Were it again by that great Monarch led,
We fear him less who now that Crown does wear,
His wildness, not his Courage, brings him here.

Burgun. Whilst his prodigious Father was alive,
Some youthful signs of wildness he did give;
But when he early on his Throne was plac'd,
A Kingly Soul his Royal Title grac'd;
And then whatever ill becoming thing
Liv'd in the Prince, was buried in the King;
Nought should in us low thoughts of him persuade,
Who does himself subdue, and France invade.

Enter a French Lady.

Lady. The Count of Blamont from the Camp with news
Does wait without, and for admittance sue. *Queen.*

Queen. *Blamount* so soon return'd? let him appear.
 Ill news is swifter than the Wings of *dear*. *Enter Blamount.*
 His looks to me a sad account have given.
 Where is *Alanson*?

Blam. Madam, He's in *Heav'n*:
 That glory cannot be to him deny'd,
 Who for his Country liv'd, and for it dy'd.

Queen. The brave *Alanson* Dead! by what mischance?

Blam. By the most signal that e're fell on *France*.

Queen. Without disguise the naked truth declare,
 Before my grief be turn'd into despair.

Blam. Last night both Camps so near, each other lay,

As we not more for Triumph long'd than day;

The mighty *Martel* led not braver Men,

When he at *Tours* subdu'd the *Syracens*,

And with the blood wash'd *France*, then did resort

To the unhappy Fields of *Agon-Court*;

Where many then with joyful shouts did greet

The rising Sun, who ne'r shoul'd see him set:

A while both Armies on each other gaz'd,

Both at th' intended slaughter seem amaz'd.

Queen. Could those who oft have bloody Battels won,

Stand long amaz'd at ills which must be done?

Blam. Wars cheerful Musick now fills every Ear,

Whilst death more gaudy did than life appear:

For various Ensigns did unfold such Pride,

That all seem'd Bridegrooms there, and Death the Bride;

The nobler order in each Squadron seen;

The many Warriors of a haughty mood;

The prouder Horses chafing to be rid,

Who breath'd the Combat as their Riders did;

Made all confess that War gave Death a grace,

And has its charms as well as Beauty has.

After a little pause they both advance,

One to preserve, th' other to conquer *France*;

Those who did proudly think the *Foe* would yield,

Saw him draw up with order in the Field;

And by a King advanc'd, whose hand and head,

All the defects supply'd of those he lead.

Queen. How! did young *Henry* dare to meet you then?

We heard diseases had consum'd his Men.

Blam. The courages of all the *English* dead,

Were to those few who living newly led:

So thin, so harra'd all his Squadrons were,

As we did pity them we us'd to fear;

For it is equally as strange to say,

That they durst fight, as that they won the day;

But Fame can want no Theme when she does lead

Of *English* Swords led by an *English* King;

Nor was he only in the Battel known

By his bright Armour, which like Lightning shone;

But did with nobler marks his Valour grace.

Still being seen where foremost danger was

Alanson, who observ'd this wondrous King,

Courage to his, and fear to ours did bring;

Made fighting single with him his high aim,

And in a Battel to a Duél came.

Queen. By an attempt so noble and sublime,
He shew'd as much as I believ'd of him.

Blam. Both Nations at a sight so great and rare,
Their bloody Swords suspended in the Air,
And by a gen'ral silence made it known,
They in their Leaders Fate would see their own;
But though *Alanson* did stupendous things,
A Subject's Sword could not resist a King's;
Angels are Guardians of that Sacred Name.

Burgun. Yet by his Death he got a deathless Fame.

Blam. That Loss invaded all to that degree,
As we more sought for Death than Victory;
For many Worthies waited on his Fall,
The Constable of *France*, the Admiral,
The Duke of *Brabant*, and the Duke of *Bar*,
Promiscuous killing now disgrac'd the War:
So glutted was the thirsty Victor's Sword,
As now the spacious World cannot afford,
After so many Heroes drown'd in Gore,
Unless of *English*, one brave Worthy more.

Queen. That Nation still too highly you esteem.

Burg. Our selves we best excuse in praising them.

Blam. Now only Horror, Death, Confusion reigns,
And covers *Agon-Courts* unhappy Plains;
Here Corpses lye, where Squadrons lately stood;
Standards and Ensigns there lye roll'd in Blood;
Here Woods of Lances o'er the Fields are spread,
And dying Men ly groaning o'er the dead.

Queen. If Truth consents to what you now relate,
From this black Day *France* may her Ruine date.

Blam. This is not all the Destiny of *France*,
The Dukes of *Bourbon* and of *Orleans*,
The Lords of *Domcourt*, *Humiere*, *Hartcourt*, *Salt-*
Roy, *Fauconbridge*, *Noel*, and *Banfiqualt*,
And many more of signal Worth and Race,
The Conquerour's Triumphal Chariot grace.
But *Bondile*, who this day first turn'd his back,
In hopes to wash away a stain so black,
Assaulted with a loud and furious Cry
Th'unguarded Baggage of the Enemy.
The King suppos'd new Troops had took the Field,
And order'd straight all Pris'ners to be kill'd:
What *Bondile* thus at first and last did do,
Made *Henry* happy, and yet cruel too;
But 'twas a Cruelty our selves did cause,
And which his Judgment took from Safeties Laws;
For shameful was our Fate, the Pris'ners there
Surpass'd in number those who Victors were.

Queen. Could nothing, less than this, *Heav'n's* Wrath abate?
It made us Agents to our own dire Fate.

Burg. The Destinies were never so severe,
The Fault, as well as Loss, they make us bear;
And by so strange a Ruine make us know,
This Empire to one Field her Fall may owe.
Were those Renown'd Commanders now alive;
They might the Fortune of lost *France* revive,

And by their Swords restore her dying Fame.

Blam. All those are living which I left did name:
The King did rather hazard a gain'd Field,
Than suffer Chiefs so noble to be kill'd;
And but with half his Army did advance,
Twice in one day to act the Fate of France,
Leaving the rest to guard them where they stood.

Burgun. His Valour sheds, his Mercy spurs out Blood.

Blam. Young Tudor, Madam, much renown'd you know,
To whom all France her Gratitude does owe;
For he, when all did Danger's face decline,
Met it to serve the Princess Katharine;
He, 'gainst my will, this hated Life did save,
And when he heard those Orders Henry gave,
Fearing their Rigour might extend to me,
Above my Hope, or Wish, did set me free;
He told me, as we parted, that he knew,
I had the Honour to belong to you.

[*Being to Princess Katharine.*

Queen. 'Tis Heav'n has stricken us; and when we know
That hand, who dares want patience for the blow?
My Lord, 'tis needful I resolve with speed
Who shall the fatal Constable succeed.

Burgun. And Counsell needful is how far 'tis fit,
After Defeat to struggle or submit.

Queen. Assemble straight. Heav'n does occasion give
Of mourning, yet allows no time to grieve.

[*Exit Queen, Burgundy, Blamont, Lady.*

Prin. An. Madam, methought when Tudor's name you heard,
A new Vermilion in your Face appear'd;
That word did raise a trouble there as great,
As you discover'd hearing our Defeat:
Though these are signs that Love does for him see,
Yet to our Friendship there is so much due,
That from my height of Faith I'll not descend,
I'll rather blame my Eyes than doubt my Friend,
And think I saw not that which I did see,
Rather than fear you hide your self from me.

Prin. Kat. Ah, how this soft contentment shows you just!

For what can be too precious for your Trust?
I must confess I blush'd when he was nam'd,
But it was Scorn, not Love, my face inflam'd,
That any but a King, and Crown'd with Bays,
Presum'd so high as me his Thoughts to raise;
That Secret now shall be to you reveal'd,
Which only through your Absence was conceal'd:
With so much Grief I did your Absence mourn,
When to your Father's Court you did return,
That the same day I to St. Germain went
To give in that Retreat my Sorrows vent;
A storm o'ertook us as we thither pass'd,
Rain made the rising Flood to swell so fast,
That of the Bridge it did the Maltrey get,
And Arch was born away, and we with it.

Prin. An. Madam, I heard that e'en that sad mischance
Did frighten you less than it frighted France.

Prin. Kat.

HENRY the Fifth.

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Princ. Kath. Tudor, whom fortune led that way, deserv'd
What many more with vain Compassion spy'd;
They at the Horrour of my Danger wept,
He from the Bridge into the River leapt,
And stemm'd the raging Current, till he bore
My breathless Body to the neighbouring shore;
Him to the Court this timely Service brought,
In whom so many Charms concurring wrought,
As I can scarce without some Blushes own,
That I did grieve he sat not on a Throne;
For to a Princess, who like me would do?
He who a Throne does want, wants all things too.

Prin. An. Ah Madam! Love, if it be strong and true,
Levels the pow'rful down to those that sue;
And, when by Inclination we are fix'd,
Only what that does speak is fully heard.

Prin. Kath. Tudor soon chang'd his chearful brow at Court;
To unfrequented Groves he did resort;
Whilst others did rejoyce, he sighing mourn'd,
And all his Freedom into Bondage turn'd:
This new Distemper to a Habit grew,
His Mirth was ever feign'd, his Sorrows true:
The cause of this when I desir'd to know,
He made no answer, but did sigh and bow;
By no reply he would his silence break.

Prin. An. In such a silence he did more than speak.

Prin. Kath. Ah! so he did; but yet I must confess
I knew not Love could speak, yet hold its peace:
I urg'd to be inform'd; he sigh'd and then
Look'd often on me, and look'd down again;
Then said, you forc'd me, Madam, to a strait
To disobey you, or deserve your hate:
One of these Evils does engage me now;
Silence the first, speaking the last will do;
But I implore you will not think it fit
To force me unto speech, then punish it.

Prin. An. Against your Justice, Madam, 'twas a Crime
To punish what you did constrain from him.

Prin. Kath. Then he his Passion for me did declare
With Words and Gestures, which so mournful were,
As strait I did, by my Experience, prove,
That Pity was no way to bring in Love:
A hundred things he said, but I was so
Offended with my self, and with him too;
First, That his Words I had constrain'd from him,
Then that he could be guilty of that Crime;
As I forgot e'en all he did relate
But these few words, which I shall ne're forget;
Love, of a wondrous birth cannot expire,
Which strangely in the water first took fire,

Prin. An. None, Madam, but a Lover will believe
That Flames in Water can their birth receive.

Prin. Kath. 'Tis true, but those bold words which then he spoke,
Did soon my Indignation so provoke,
That never any Crime can raise it higher;
I bid him instantly from Court retire:

'Twould

'T would grieve your patience if I should declare,
All that he said, his Trespasse to repair;
Let it suffice that after that black Night
I never did admit him to my sight;
Nor will I tell you how he sought Relief,
And vainly since hath almost dy'd with Grief.

Prin. An. Did you not give him then some Sighs by Health,
And with his sickly Mind a little Health?

Prin. Kath. All that 't had been Injustice to deny.

Prin. An. Sure that was Love?

Prin. Kath. Oh! no, 'twas Charity.

Love is a Flame which nothing can controul;
As Souls to Bodies are, Love's to the Soul;
A Pow'r which does all other Pow'rs overturn,
And cannot be conceal'd when it does burn,
Had that been Love, which is mistook by you,
Tudor had seen, and I had felt it too;
But term it what you please, it cannot be,
Whilst I have pow'r to rule it, Love in me.

Prin. An. Love to his height oft by degrees does rise,
Sometimes it storms a Bosom by Surprise,
Love moves not ever in one constant road,
Of, like a Child, he acts, then like a God;
And, by your easie ruling him, you may
Mistake his Pow'r for what is but his Play.

Prin. Kath. I doubt you'd have me think I am in Love.

Prin. An. I rather would my fear of it remove.

Prin. Kath. No, though I were, so much I owe my Fame,
That to my Birth I would resign my Flame.

Prin. An. May I, with safety, build on what you say?

Prin. Kath. If my own Heart deceive me not, you may.

Prin. An. Then I will tell you something which, perhaps,
If you are cur'd will hinder your Relapse.
When dreadful Henry to this War was bent,
The Royal Bedford to my Father sent
Offers of Pow'r and Treasure, with design
To make him in this last Invasion join:
My Father to his Burgundy retir'd,
Having rejected what the Duke desir'd;
But said, since here unjustly we retain
Anjou, Rich Normandy, and Aquitaine,
He would, if rendring these might Peace advance,
Perswade in England, and prevail in France.

Prin. Kath. We then have done th'injurious Henry wrong:
Do all these Provinces to him belong?

Prin. An. France can no other Title there pretend,
But what, force having got, Arms must defend.

Prin. Kath. My Grief for our Defeat shall then grow less;
Since we want Justice, we should want success.

Prin. An. But since to me your Secrets you declare,
'Tis equal you in mine should have a share.
Ah, Madam! do not wonder if my Heart,
Which was entirely yours when we did part,
Is from that high and blest Condition flown,
I, blushing say, 'tis now no more my own.
The Duke of Bedford, by the noblest force
That e'er subdu'd a Heart into Remorse,

Did with such joint Success act his design,
That I took his, and then resign'd him mine.

Prin. Kath. Dear Princess, I shall now admire no more
What you have mention'd of Love's Art and Power;
Nor that so high in that discourse you went,
Since you but spoke your own Experiment.

Prin. An. If, Madam, you had presens been to see
The softness of those Charms which Conquerd me,
You'd wonder more that long I held the Field,
Than that at last I willingly did yield.

Prin. Kath. The English Archers may victorious grow,
Where Love begins the Conquest with his Bow.

Prin. An. After we had thus far'd Friendship made,
He told me, Though his Brother would invade
This Kingdom, to regain what was his due,
Yet the chief Conquest, he design'd, was you.
He told me too, Though England still affords
Beauties, resistless as the English Swords,
Yet none of them prevail'd, though ne'er so bright,
Like your victorious Picture at full sight.

Then he implor'd that, when to you I came,
I would prepare you to receive his Flame;
A Flame, which all things else most needs out-do,
Since by him cherish'd and inspir'd by you:
This, Madam, was the Cause why I have prest
To find if e'er your Heart were pre-pollt;
Let France, by you, be freed from her Distress:
This happy Union will procure her Peace.

Prin. Kath. If me he lov'd, her Blood he then would spare;
Love's gentle Voice is never heard in War.

Prin. An. Yet, like a King, to you he does pretend,
Glory he makes his Way, and Love his End.

Prin. Kath. Where Blood does cry, can I a Lover hear?

Prin. An. When Glory pleads, what then can stop your Ear?

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Madam, the Council is assembled now,
And, e'er it sits, the Queen would speak with you.

Prin. Kath. I come: too long by Love I have been stay'd;
I will consider all that you have said.

Prin. An. Madam, he pleas'd to think upon it so,
That France to you may her Redemption owe. [Exit.]

THE SECOND ACT.

Enter the King, Duke of Exeter, Duke of Bedford, Earl of Warwick, and Tudor.

King. MY Lord of Warwick, you may give to all
The French of Note the Rites of Funeral;
It is a Debt which to the dead we pay,
Rewarding Courage e'en in those we slay.

Warwick. It shall be done.

King. Brother, it will be fit
The Prisoners you to stronger Guards commit;

D

They

They shall a Court within our Army see,
And in it nothing want but Liberty.

Bed. They shall be safe, yet have some Freedom too.

King. Uncle the great Request I make to you,
Is to preserve our wounded Men with care;
'Tis by their Courage we victorious are.

Exeter. They shall be serv'd with all they can desire;
We must that Valour serve which you admire.

Tudor. Though this great Day, the expecting World may see
Your Title both to Peace and Victory.

And though no Conquerour alive, or dead,
With nobler Wreaths did ever crown his Head;

Yet pardon me, if I presume to say,
I see a Sadness mis-becomes this day.

This day, in which your Friends and Foes confess,
Nothing can make you greater, nothing less;

So fixt are Fortunes Wheels they cannot turn,
Then, Sir, permit only the French to mourn;

The loss of York and Suffolk, though too great,
Should not outweigh your Enemies Defeat.

If, Sir, your Wars cost not some Lives, like these,
You would not Conquerors make, but Miracles;

Who in his Prince's Service finds a Grave,
Rather our Envy than our Grief should have;

And fighting in your light, who for you dies,
Is blest enough without such Obsequies.

If to their Death such envy'd Grief you give,
You'll make us then repent that we do live:

Sir, for the living's sake your Grief decline,
And let your Looks clear as your Glory shine.

King. So great a Loss as is above Relief,
E'en on this day might justify my Grief.

He who of Friendship knows the sacred Ties,
Will value more his Friends than Victories;

But that just sorrow, which thou wou'dst remove,
Is not a Tribute paid to Death, but Love.

If Fame, or Pow'r, only in me did sway,
I could not have been seen in Clouds to day;

'Tis Love's fierce Fire which does my Heart devour;
Less to be quench'd than heats of Fame or pow'r.

Tudor. She must do more than Woman e'er could do,
Resisting such a King and Conq'rour too;

You, though her Eyes should brightest Beams emit,
May safe in shades under your Laurels sit.

King. My Laurels might a safe Refreshment prove
To any other heat but that of Love;

Their sacred Force 'gainst Thunder only lies,
Not against Lightning shot from conq'ring Eyes;

Whose Pow'r, like that of Lightning, I have felt;
My Breast they wound not, yet my Heart they melt.

Tudor. May I not know who does my King subdue?
King. Saying I love, I need not tell thee who;

Who of the Planets speaks of brightest Beams,
Need not say after, 'tis the Sun he means.

Tudor. The Sun by all is mention'd as one Rite,
But Fancy alters Beauty's Estimate;
Were it not Fancy which that Value gave,
All Lovers then would but one Mistress have.

King. Such Adoration Fancy cannot raise;
As to this Beauty Sight and Reason pays;
For he whose Heart Love can to Affect turn,
Must feel her Eyes alone have right to burn;
But that this Ignorance thou may'st decline,
Know, I adore the Princess; and you
Love's Rebels by her Eyes are kept in awe;
She reigns in France, I fight on this side Law.

Tudor. Will not Love's Heat make Glory's Flame expire?

King. No, *Tudor*, it will rather raise it higher;
For none should aim at this exalted State,
Who makes not Glory first his Advocate;
This was the Cause when *Charles*, her Father, sent
Embassadors, my Conquest to prevent;
And this bright Beauty offer'd for my Bride;
But with her, as her Dowry, *France* deny'd;
I shun'd the Match, knowing her Beauties were
No Price for Peace, but the Reward of War;
My Vows and Passion she might justly scorn;
Did I not Crown her Queen where she was born;
And raise her boundless Beauties to supply
What a rude Law does to her Sex deny.

Tudor. Perhaps your Flame had with more Lustre shone;
Had you for it declin'd the *Guelph* Throne;
For Love of her to quit in *France* your Right
Is more than 'tis to conquer it in Fights;
Nor can you hope her Passions Flame to raise,
When with her Country's Blood you stain your Boys.

King. Dear *Tudor*, I perceive, because thou art
A Subject, thou mistak'st a Monarch's Heart;
Those, who from Royal Veins derive their Blood,
Find only in a Throne what's great and good;
Sure Nature in her would much rather see
Her Son than Brother rule this Monarchy.

Tudor. A Love like this was never known before,
The Father you'll depose, the Child adore;
Your Love will be in Proofs of Hatred shown;
You on her Country's Ruines build her Throne;
This strange Design, Sir, does my Wonder raise.

King. A Love like mine moves not in common ways:
Such unexamp'd things I'll strive to do;
That when I reach to what I now pursue,
When Men name one who lov'd to a degree
Ne'er known before, they'll say he lov'd like me.
Prepare thy self to go, within an hour,
To the *French* Court as my Ambassador;
And let them know, if they resign up *France*,
(Mine both by Conquest and Inheritance)
They shun such Force as cannot be withstood;
They shew their Justice; and they spare their Blood.
Success now asks but what I ask'd before.

Tudor. He that at first ask'd all, can ask no more.

Much is not in the Profit, but in the Pleasure.

King. Yes, It is much to ask what I can take,
And to accept from them that Crown which I have
Have given me from the hand of Victory.

Tudor. in this they cannot but be content,
I make my Mercy hinder my Success.

Tudor. It might be then convenient that I
T' obtain with France the Princess for my Bride:
Since you as well for her as for my self
Without her you'll not reach your noble End.

King. She justly, *Tudor*, might my Son have
If Love's high Int'rest I should mix with State.

If I this great Ceremony Treaty move
Twill be below her Beauty and my Love.

That Blessing must in nobler ways be sought:
Though Heav'n may be bestow'd, yet never thought.

But that which chiefly makes me lend thee now,
Is, that my Friend should let my Princess know.

My Flames are such as Martyr'd Saints sustain,
The Glory of them takes away the Pain.

Tudor. Was ever such a Curse imposed by Fate?
His Favour wounds much deeper than his Hate.

I must unworthy or else wretched prove,
Be false to Honour, or else false to Love.

To which of both shall I precedents give?
I'm kill'd by this, by that unfit to live.

But stay! why should not I, even I, raise
Love and Honour to a Height unknown?

If, for his Sake, my Passion I forego,
In that great Act I pay him all I owe.

Who for his King against his Love does act,
Pays Debts much greater than he can contract.

Nor are these all th' Advantages will flow
From that great Action I intend to do.

If I her Right above my Love prefer
In that, by losing, I shall merit her.

And to obtain, not merit her, will prove
Less than to lose her and deserve her Love.

'Tis worthy of my Flame, and of her Eyes,
To make Love be to Love a Sacrifice.

*Enter Queen, Duke of Burgundy, the Constable, Earl of
Charaloye, and Count de Chastel.*

Queen. The fatal Cause why we assemble now
We by the worst of sad Experience know.

Heav'n does, at once, on this our Empire shower
All the fierce Marks of Anger and of Power.

The King, my Lord, whose Head, and Heart, and Hand,
Should be employ'd our Ruine to withstand,

Under his old Disease still worse grows,
Yields to his pain as France does to his Foes.

Yet is he not unhappy in this State,
Which makes him not to feel the Wounds of Fate.

The Dauphin, whose green years make him unfit
In such a storm as Empire's Helm to sit.

Yet

Yet for that great and dangerous Place does press;
 And, missing it, forsakes us in Distress.
 As these two Miseries assault us here,
 So th' *English* late Success fills all with Fear.
 Yet, *France*, surviving such destructive Blows,
 Ev'n in her Ruine still her Greatness shows.
 By your wife Help she hopes yet to be freed;
 And on your Breasts she leans her weary Head.
 Shall we again by Battell try our Fate,
 Or with the *English* King capitulate?

Const. Our Shoulders but attend for heavier weight;
 If in the Field we shun to try our Fate.
 For doubtless, Madam, he left Virtue shows
 Who yields to, than who falls by Fortunes Blows.
 Rome, though she lost four Fields to *Annibal*,
 Her Valour rais'd ev'n in her Fortune's Fall.
 Her steady Vertue did all Storms suppress,
 And made her Empress of the Universe.
 I would not doubt but we at length should find
 A *Roman* Fate, had we a *Roman* Mind.

De Chast. Those who too hastily with Victors treat,
 Make them too proud, who were before too great.
 Such Condescension would to Fear dispose
 Your Subjects Hearts, and elevate your Foes.
 Let not Posterity have cause to say,

That you lost *France*, and lost her in one day.
Const. The Chance of Arms is still a desperate
 Fortune one day does take, next day does give;
 And all the *English* Name will be overthrown.
 If we of twenty Fields can win but one.

All Thoughts of Treaties, Madam, then despise,
 Which but excuses Fear whilst we seem wise.

Burg. Madam, what the great *Charles* does say
 Becomes that Place you rais'd him to this day.
 He, who the Head of all your Armies is,
 Safe Counsels should obey, but not advise.
 If to my Judgment you will please to trust,
 Chuse not what great appears, but what is just.
 Madam, it is alone by Arms you reign
 O'er *Anjou*, *Normandy*, and *Aquitaine*.
 Those three, the noblest Provinces of *France*,
 Are th' *English* King's conquest Inheritance.
 Whatever of Prescription Gown-Men write,
 Yet length of time changes not Wrong to Right.
 Why should you not, e're things are desperate grown,
 By giving what is his, preserve your town?
 Keeping those Countries will at last be found
 A Gangren; the corrupt will eat the sound.

Earl of Chast. Justice is more than but an empty Word;
 Therefore whilst that assists the *English* Sword,
 Success will always to their Side resort.
 And ev'ry Field will be an *Agincourt*.

Burg. Can Councils prosper, or Armies strong,
 Both aiming to perpetuate a Wrong?
 If after this fair Offer he pursue
 The War, our Swords will act what he does now.

The HISTORY of

If he accepts it (as no doubt he must)
You will be safe, as soon as you are just.
Pursue the Acts of Justice; those alone
Have Pow'r to save and to exalt a Throne.

Enter Blamont.

Blam. Young *Tudor* is arriv'd, and craves to be
With speed admitted to your Majesty.
By those few words which have between us past,
I find his Message does require some haste.

Queen. Know you what 'tis which does him further bring?

Blam. Some Overtures of Peace from th' *English King*.

[Blamont whispers in the Queen's Ear.]

Queen. Yes, I consent; and give her notice I
Expect she should receive him civilly.

[Exit Blamont.]

My Lords, I find your Judgments various are;
Two are for Treaty, th' other two for War.

Such Reasons you for both Opinions give,
That I, with Reason, either may receive.

But *Tudor* being come does surely bring
Something important from the *English King*.

'Tis fit our Resolutions we defer,
Till I his Business in his Message hear.

[Exit.]

Enter Princess Katherine, and Blamont.

Blam. Madam, what I have said the *Queen* will own.

Prin. Kath. What? That with *Tudor* I should speak alone?

Blam. He for that Honour, Madam, now does pray.

Prin. Kath. Since by the *Queen* commanded I obey.

[Exit Blamont.]

Enter Tudor.

Tudor: Though, Madam, this high Honour does excel
What Deeds can merit, or what Words can tell.

It shall no Cause of new Presumption be;
I'll not repeat what you condemn'd in me.

I then presum'd to tell you of a Fire
Your Eyes did in a Subject's Heart inspire;

But, Madam, now th' Assurance which I bring,
Is, that your Beauties have subdu'd a King;

A King, Renown'd by all the Voice of Fame;
The least he has of Monarch is the Name.

He only Love and Glory does pursue,
Which makes him conquer *France* and yield to you.

And by th' unhappiest of his Subjects says,
He at your Feet his Heart and Laurel lays.

Judge what his Vertues are, and what my Fate;
Which makes his Rival turn his Advocate.

Prin. Kath. *Tudor*, what first you spoke made me not fear
That Rival was a word I e'er should hear.

For you in that repeat the past Offence,
Which made me lately banish you from hence.

If, by his Worth, your King claims my esteem,
Why grieve you that you plead to gain it him?

Tudor. Ah, Madam, may I not your pardon crave
For grieving when I part from all I have?

A Fa-

A Father, when he sees his only Son
 Condemn'd to Death, for what he could not **shun**;
 (Though to the Right of Justice he submit)
 May well be pardon'd if he mooves for it
 By double **Deaths**, Madam, I amild;
 My Loss makes me lament, my Justice plead;
 But all my Sorrows soon will lose their Name
 If you raise him for whom I ruin'd am.
 A Prince, who only does, as his just Due,
 Deserve to love you, and be lov'd by you.

Prin. Kath. Has yet the Queen ought of this **tragedy** known?

Tudor. I had but leave to walk on your stone
 Those common Paths of Kings mine will not **trudge**
 To see by Picture, and by Proxy wed;
 He'll make his Court at an **unusual Place**;
 His is a Love of Liking, not of State.
 And says, He does not for a Mistress sue
 To France, but humbly begs your self of you.

Prin. Kath. I but by Picture did to him appear.

Tudor. Yes, he hath seen you in my Character
 'Tis far above the labour'd Art of Man
 To draw a Mistress as a Lover can;
 Your Picture took his Sight, but you will **find**
 My Words alone did captivate his Mind;
 Though you may think the **Pen's** Power great,
 It aims to paint a Fire, but not a Heat;
 Much less a Heat which does from Love arise,
 And which is kindled by his Mistress Eyes;
 The Pencil to my Words resign'd obe Place;
 Those drew your Soul, that painted but your Face.
 Madam, 'twas I who told him how your Mind
 With greater Lustre than your Beauty **shin'd**;
 That from the Charms of your Discourse and Shape
 Men could no more than from your Eyes escape
 And I may justly, Madam, be afraid
 He saw in me you acted all I said;
 And to revenge that which you call'd a Crime,
 I on this Embassie am sent by him.

Prin. Kath. Tudor, into a new Relapse you fall;
 You seem'd to mourn at your Love's Funeral;
 And I, on that Assurance pardon'd you.

Tudor. I told you what was then, but what is now,
 If other Words have wander'd in my Talk,
 The Ghost then of my murder'd Love did walk;
 And like a Ghost to none it shall appear,
 But before you who are the Murderer.

Prin. Kath. If you'll to my **Estem** your self restore.
 Let me, by it, be visited no more.

Tudor. Madam, I'll strive to obey you from this Hour.
 But since the Dead have o'er their Ghosts no Power;
 If mine again the Trespas should commit,
 My last Request is, That you'll pardon it;
 And to so sad a Love some Sorrow give,
 Which troubles you when dead, as when alive.
 But for my King I must my Suit renew
 And beg to know what I must say from you.

If to accept his Passion you incline,
 You'll make his Happiness your own and mine.
 Since you deny what for my self I move,
 Let me, against my self, successful prove.
Prin. Kath. You may acquaint the King, all you have said
 Have in my Thoughts a fit Impression made:
 That I (as all who have but heard his Name)
 Believe his Merit has acquir'd his Fame;
 Though I with Passion wish that he had chose
 To raise his Glory on remoter Poise.
 I never more can his Address receive
 Till from the Queen he has procur'd me Leave.

Tudor. Why do you, Madam, words so cruel speak?
 Make him not for you to another seek;
 Since, in that way, should he successful prove,
 'Twill rather shew you can obey than love.
 Only to you let him his Blessings own.

Prin. Kath. I have declar'd my Resolution.

Tudor. To what then must the wretched Tudor trust?

Prin. Kath. To find his Cure in what he greiveth is just.

Tudor. How can that heal him which does make his Wound?
 Yet to obey you, Madam, he is bound;
 But if hereafter you should chance to heat
 Some dying Sighs which may offend your Ear;
 Forc'd from him by the fiercest Griev'd Affair,
 Be pleas'd to pity, not condemn the Fair. *[Exit Tudor.]*

Prin. Kath. Oh! why is Love call'd Nature's highest Law,
 When Title, Man's Invention, does it awe?
 But 'tis the strength which Reason does impart,
 That makes my Blood give Rules thus to my Heart.
 If Nature Reason on us did bestow,
 Love, Nature's Dictate, 'twould not overthrow.
 But Reason is a bright relentless Fire,
 Which Heav'n, not Nature, does in us inspire.
 It is not Nature's Child, but Nature's King;
 And o'er Love's Height does us to Glory bring.
 As Bodies are below, and Souls above;
 So much should Reason be preferr'd to Love:
 Since Glory is the Souls most proper Sphere,
 It does but wander when it moves not there.
 This makes that King, who Courts me, *Fraser* subdue;
 And makes me fly what else I would pursue. *[Ex.]*

THE THIRD ACT.

Enter King Henry 3. Tudor.

Tudor. **W**Hat I have said shews all that I have done;
 The Daughter by the Mother must be won.
 Those, Sir, who serving Heav'n, to Heav'n pretend,
 By others Mediation reach that End.

King.

King. That Obligation, *Tudor*, I'll decline. I am not bound to her. She shall be all her own that must be mine. 'Tis for her Glory she her self should give. The greatest Gift that I can e'er receive. If from her Will I differ, can she hate My being for her Interest obstinate? Go! what I told thee, *Tudor*, must be done. He ne'er meets Honour who does. *Danger shun.*

Tudor. A Subject must not wish his King contend. *King.* My Subject? thou art more; thou art my Friend. Make haste! for I will only stay behind. Till I have Orders for the Treaty sign'd.

Enter Duke of Burgundy, and Chareloys.

Burg. No, Son, the Treaty must not so proceed. Left of my Help the Queen should have no need. 'Tis her Pow'r which makes me useful here. Is the effect not of her Love, but Fear; Whilst things continue in their present state, I can dispose of France and England's Fate. The greatest Skill that I would wish from Heav'n, Is in a War to keep the Scale so even, As neither Party ever may prevail. But by his Help whose hand does hold the Scale. Whilst these two mighty Kingdoms disagree I keep in Safety my own Burgundy.

Char. Have you forgot that Vow, Sir, which you made To th' English King when France he did invade? That Vow is to your Honour still a Debt.

Burg. A Statesman all but Interest may forget, And only ought in his own Strength to trust. 'Tis not a Statesman's Vertue to be just.

Char. Those Words which lately you in Council said, Have on my Breast a deep Impression made. You urg'd that Acts of Justice are alone What can preserve or must exalt a Throne. Is your own Counsel by your self despis'd?

Burg. I then for others, not my self, advis'd. Reason should still appoint us what to do.

Char. You'll find that Reason has Religion too, Which is by Interchange of Justice shown. Doing to all what to your self is done.

Burg. You measure Reason with a Crooked Line. *Char.* High Reason to Religion does incline.

Burg. I, Son, Reason of Cloysters, not of State: Pow'r seldom is Religious to that Height. Religion too, nor Reason, is but Faith.

Char. I fear, Sir, if such dang'rous ways you chuse, Instead of ruling both, you both will lose.

Burg. A harder Game than this I twice have plaid; And though by Fortune I was still betray'd; Yet still to greater Pow'r I reach'd at length: Anteus-like, by falling, I got strength. Besides, De Chastel, by much Art and pain, Had brought the Dauphin back to Court again;

F

Who

Who offers, if I'll urge the Queen for War,
We equally betwixt us two shall share
All Armies and all Governments in France,
And he'll forget the death of Orleans.

Char. O Sir, from such an offer'd Friendship fly;
What only int'rest ties it will untie.
And I presume though you restor'd him France,
He'll ne'r forget the death of Orleans.
I wish Heav'n sooner may forgive it you.

Burg. Alas young Man, if you but truly knew
What pow'rful Charms on sweet revenge do wait,
You would have acted what you think you hate.

Char. Beware, Sir, I beseech you then in time
Lest his revenge may seem as sweet to him.

Burg. These tender thoughts are graceful in a Son!
I have your Int'rest, you, your duty shown.
I'll hear their offers, though I them refuse.
When all is offer'd, I the best will chuse. [Exeunt.]

Enter Dauphin, De Chastel.

De Chast. Sir, I believe you now no longer fear
That on vain hopes I begg'd your presence here.
The Queen, while you retir'd, had by her Arts
So robb'd you of your future Subjects hearts,
That 'twas your presence only could restore
Them to that duty which they owe to Power.
Sir, Fortune too begins to pay her debts;
For the Burgundian with your Servant treats;
And such an Ear to my discourse he lent
As makes me more than hope a good event.
And, as a proof, he lik'd what I did speak:
He vow'd he would the English Treaty break.
Nor is this all; the Countess of La Mar
(To whom your Sister grows particular)
I have entirely wrought to favour you;
She told me, and th' Intelligence is new,
That Blamont from the Queen has gain'd free leave
Your Sister shall a single audience give
To one whom Henry sent with privacy.

Dauph. His Love for her will fatal be to me,
Unless th' effects of it I soon prevent.

De Chast. I therefore have obtain'd La Mar's consent
That you, conceal'd, shall in that room remain
Where she this Messenger will entertain.
By that concealment you may clearly know

The roots of their designs, and how they grow.

Dauph. Heav'n for my Mother's faults make me amends
In sending me a Friend who gets me Friends.
I fear'd my Sister's Pride, my Mother's hate,
The English King's great Love, and greater Fate,
Help'd by the subtle head of Burgundy,
Might by a fatal Marriage ruin me.
But this permission thou for me hast got,
May teach me both to know and break the Plot.

When

When does this Love-Embassadour appear?

Duchess. They every moment, Sir, expect him here.

Dauph. Then it is fit I instantly repair
To that concealment promis'd by *La Mar*.

Enter Queen, and Great Constable

Queen. Yes, I have seen the *Dauphin*, but methought

Though he has humbler gestures with him brought,

Shaping his looks to what he gently said,

Yet old resentments clearly he betray'd.

But yet, perhaps, those Charms which Courts attend,

May to some mildness his fierce nature bend.

I will apply all that is taught by Art,

Or wiser Nature to reclaim his heart.

'Tis fit you know, ere you begin to treat,

The King of England's Passion is so great

For my marry'd Daughter, that I hear

He'll quit all he does claim, to marry her.

That this is true the Duke does undertake,

And you great use may of that Passion make.

Const. Madam! 'tis strange, for she was then as fair

When offer'd to him to prevent a War.

Queen. He that by rules can judge a Lover's heart,

Has brought into the World an unknown Art.

But, having heard me, you must now be gone.

Should the Duke know we two had been alone?

(You having both tane solemn leave of me)

It might in him create a jealousy.

Enter Prince's Katherine, and King Henry In disguise.

King. Madam, when first my King from *Tudor* heard

That you your Person to the Queen refer'd,

He sent me hither humbly to desire

You'd to your Eyes be just and to his fire.

And would believe this right to both is due.

That be his Fate should only learn from you.

He'll but from you receive his destiny.

Whether you'll make him live, or have him dye.

Prin. Kath. That answer, which by *Tudor* you have known,

Is, Sir, my final resolution.

Nothing can e're perswade me to forsake

Results which duty and my reason make.

King. Let him not be a double Sacrifice,

You kill'd him with your Words, and with your Eyes.

Heav'n meant that Beauty, Nature's greatest force,

Having exceeding pow'r, should have remorse,

Valour, and it, the World should so enjoy.

As both might overcome, but not destroy.

Prin. Kath. He who in Fight has all the French of *the town*

Cannot be kill'd by words spoke but by one.

King. Yet he who has in *France* a Conquering power

With joy does own you as his Conquerour.

And that you may not doubt that this is true,

He is in person come to tell it you.

The

[The King takes off his Disguise.]

I was Love's Heretick till you I saw,
In that which *Tudor* said, and *Art* did draw;
Now, like a Heretick, I treated am
By Love, who has condemn'd me to the Flame.
Your Picture to resist I wanted Skill;
T' oppose th' Original I want the Will:
Believe what of myself is told by me.

Prin. Kath. The King of *England*? sure it cannot be!

King. Madam, by doubting adde not to this Pain:
You cannot but know him in whom you reign.

Prin. Kath. Since he twist *France* and all her Safety stands,
How dars he trust his Person in her Hands?

King. He who adores you, and dars tell you so,
What is there after which he dare not do?

Prin. Kath. To what a strait, Sir, have you brought me to?
I must be false to *France*, or false to you.

[The Dauphin discovers himself.]

Dauph. I will enlarge you though you wicked grow
In calling that a strait which was not so.

For she who doubts if Evil she should act,
Does, in that very Doubt, a Guilt contract.

No wonder now that *France* is false to you,
The Daughter of istreating thus our Foe.

Prin. Kath. Brother! I nothing of his coming knew;
His being here surpris'd me more than you.

Dauph. Sister, when he reveal'd himself, your Eyes
Shew'd greater Signs of Liking than Surprise:

And to convince me clearly of your Crime,
You doubted if you should discover him.

King. I shall want Patience to attend this Storm!

Prin. Kath. The only Fault you should in me reform
Is, that I doubted whether I should do.

As it became the Sister, Sir, of you,
But to the King Heav'n will this Truth aver,

I ne'er would have reveal'd his being here,
My Father's Vertue to the World is known;

Who to my Fallshood would not owe his Throne,
If Acts of Treachery he does not hate.

What he now suffers he deserves from Fate,
Since, by fair War, *France* now affronted is,

Let her sink lower, or by Vertue rise,
To abject Deeds I'll never condescend,

Nor make the Means unworthy of the End.

King. Vertue a higher pitch did never rise,
It has a Lustre which outshines her Eyes.

Madam, in saying what you pleas'd to say,
You broke that Silence my Respects did pay.

And now, Sir, something I shall let you see
To make you grant you injur'd her, and me.

Dauph. Have you a Pass-port then for coming here?

King. This is my Pass-port to go ev'ry where:
Who e'er a Pass-port such as this can show,

Will find all places safe, or make 'em so.
And, Sir, it is by this that you must swear
Not to reveal what you discover'd here.

This

This must be sworn, and sworn without a pause.

Dauph. You shou'd subdue me e'er you give me law.
Yet, I will swear; but 'tis that to this Chance I owe
I owe the Pow'r to pay my Debts to France; you had
Debts, which so weighty were, as I did bow
More under them; than France does under you.
Those Debts which by a cruel Mother's Way,
Till now I to my Birth could never pay.
Fortune! and Sister! here, I pardon you;
For all you did, and all that you would do;
Since through her Blindness, and your Treachery,
My self I single in condition see,
To make our France such a Revenge receive
As all her Swords in Battel could not give.
I only grieve one false to France and me
Should of that Justice; only Wounds be;
But yet that Cause of Grief should disappear,
Since seeing of your Death will punish her.

King. Oh could I justly think my self so blest
That what relates to me could touch her Breast;
Though I should perish in this present Strife;
My Death would be more happy than my Life.
But since no Service I have paid her yet,
Can make me hope a Happiness so great,
I'll strive to merit that which you but fear,
By now revenging what you said to her.
But yet, we should not fight, she being his.

Dauph. That is the Reason why you here must dye.

King. Then, Madam, you'll forgive me, if I know
Defend that Life which does belong to you.

Prin. Kath. Oh Heav'n's! whom shall I call perhaps Lamey,
Saying my Brother's Life the King betray'd.

La Marr. Blamoun's without and stays to get him forth.

Prin. Kath. Go, open straight the Garden Gallies;
Keep for the King's Escape the Passage free.

La Marr. When he is gone I'll shut it with this Key.

Prin. Kath. My Brother is dead; what shall I do?

King. Your Life, young Prince, is at my Mercy now.

Prin. Kath. Sir, for my Brother's sake let me implore
Nature speaks now as Honour and Respect.

King. I to your Pleasure ever will submit;
'Tis to your Blood you owe my Spring and Life.

Prin. Kath. Your Life I give you at the Point of Sword;
And for her sake, I here restore your Blood.

King. Madam, I go; but go to him;
No more t'invade your Sister's Revenge.

Prin. Kath. Nor practise to obstruct that Passion's way
Which is a Debt so due as I must pay.

King. These, not observing my Revenge, shall prove
As strong to you as the Steel and my Love.

Prin. Kath. But if in both your Courtesie be shown,
What here has past shall remain unknown.

Dauph.

Dauph. Your Fortune, Sir, is great o'er *Fraunce* and me;
Great is your Promise too of *Secrecie*.
But if I can, my self with silence please,
You may thank that, and not your *Ménages*. *[Exit Dauphin.]*

Prin. Kath. I'll follow him to observe which way he takes,
Whilst, for the King, she th'other passage makes.
Sir, you should stay a while; I'll straight return! *[Exit.]*

King. O Heav'n's! why have I given her cause to mourn?
Blamont, whose Conduct did me hither bring,
Will surely with a Friend, and with a King,
His Promise keep; which was to see me out.
I cannot his unblemish'd Honour doubt.
But I will stay to speak with her though all
The World were to be bury'd in my Fall. *[Enter Princess.]*
Madam, Can you the Cause in me forgive
Which gave you Terrors here, and make you grieve?
When you he injures not, much more than me,
Your Presence will his Sanctuary be.

Prin. Kath. I will forgive you, Sir, all Terrors here,
If by your quick Return you'll end my Fear.
To all, your longer Stay, Alarms will give;
My Brother's Nature is Vindicative;
I fear from his Revenge all that is ill.
Here, where he wants no Pow'r to act his Will.

King. A greater Ruine, Madam, I foresee,
Than he, though in this place, can call on me;
If I from hence should to my Camp remove,
Before I know how you receive my Love.

Prin. Kath. The first day, Sir, you'll think it were waste
I should do more than only know of it.
Nor have you any Reason to despair
When for your Safety I express my Care.

King. Virtue may make you be my Safety's Friend;
But to what's dearer to me I pretend no end.
My Safety lies not in my going hence,
But in that Blessing you may here dispence.
I would not Safety without that enjoy;
And with it, nought my Safety can destroy.

Prin. Kath. I will say any thing you'll have me say,
Rather than keep you here in Ruine's way.
But yet, that what I speak may not appear
To be the Dictates only of my Fear,
If you were gone I'll to my self confess
Such Virtue and Respect you did express.
That what I thought an Age had not the Pow'r
To act in me, you acted in one hour.
Now, Sir, you should retire, and give the World
The Ease to blush alone for what he said.

King. Madam, I go: but go thence of course from hence,
Both by your Eyes, and Virtues Influence,
That 'tis impossible for me to know
To which I most of Adoration owe.
But if the humblest Duty, highest Care,
Which Man e'er shew'd, or Love did e'er inspire,
Can be Oblations fitting to be paid,
You'll ne'er need Blush for what you now have said.

Enter

Enter La Marr.

La Marr. Sir, *Blamant* stays for you. This is your way!

Prin. Kath. She is your Guide, take heed, Sir, of delay!

[Exit La Marr, King.]

Who can or Love or Reasons Pow'r express?
One oft does more than th'other, often less.
Reason makes me a Subject's Passion fly;
Love o'er a King gains such a Victory
As makes him venture Life, and what is far
More great, his growing Glories of the War.
That he his Passion only might relax
And from my Lips might hear his doubtful Fate.
Sure, to return some Love for Love so great,
Is not to give a Gift, but pay a Debt.

[Exit.]

Enter Dauphin and de Chastel.

Dauph. Oh Friend, if I had kill'd him in that Fight,
My Glory I had rais'd to such a Height,
That, mangle all my Mother's Arts and Hate,
I had restor'd, and I had rul'd the State.
All their Successes had with him been dead;
For he's his Armies Soul as well as Head.
Why did my Stars so fair a Hope afford
(Leaving, O France! thy Fortune to thy Sword)
Yet not to kill or perish by my Fate;
But both my Life and Sword I to him owe?

De Chast. Your Mind, Sir, is too great to feel Despair
For one ill Chance in Duel, or in War.

Dauph. To be overcome would be the greatest Curse,
If to out-live that Fate were not a worse.
The first, perhaps, was Fortune's Fanie gone;
But, Friend, the last too clearly is my own.

De Chast. If of that Stain your Hears have such a sense;
Let's wash it off in's Blood, e'er he go hence.

Dauph. Should the first Act of Life, which he did give,
Meanly the Giver of his Life deprive?
Because blind Fortune guilty is to me,
Shall I, to my own self, more guilty be?
No, my *De Chastel*; though he be my Foe,
Yet he hath still most gen'rously been so;
And by no Acts of mine he ne'er shall die;
Unless by such as rais'd him up so high.

De Chast. Let me then, single, your Revenge pursue:

Dauph. What to a Grimsconfant does not is too
If it were fit, the Act itself I'd do;
And what's unfit, shall not be done by you.

De Chast. I hope, Sir, then the Treaty I began
Will put you in so high a Posture soon,
That the Disgrace, which but a few now see,
Shall, in the Eyes of Crowds of Witnesses,
Be so wash'd off as shall your Sorrow cure.

Dauph. Thy Hope's uncertain, my Disgrace is sure.

But what of good is meant for me by Fate
Thou ought'st to hasten or 'twill come too late.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Warwick and Tudor disguised.

Warw. Blamount desir'd us to expect him here.

Tudor. The King did never shew us how to fear,
Else we should tremble now at Blamount's stay.

Warw. Would Love had led the King a safer way.

Kings, in whose Chances Nations fall or rise,

Hazard too much in private Gallantries.

The Odds against them checks their Luck and Skill.

Tudor. 'Tis true, but Love's great Gamesters reckon still

(Whilst boldly they the Stake that's fairest chase)

What they may win, and not what they may lose.

Enter Blamount.

Blam. The King has sent for you. I'll bring you straight

Where he is safe out of the reach of Fate.

You must to Horse. I'll tell you what has pass'd.

Tudor. You free us from a Pain too great to last.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Princess Katharine, and Princess Anne.

Prin. Kath. My Fear did then my Reason overthrow;
I could scarce think much less know what to do.

Prin. An. Why did you not by positive Commands
Restrain at least the King of England's hands?

Prin. Kath. Should I so much my Brother's Safety prize,
As to procure it by mean Rewards?

Ah! since 'twas only Love brought me here,
Should I have made his Love his Murderer?

The Dauphin to the King's injurious will;
Heav'n would not let those wrongs unpunish'd pass.

Prin. An. His Wrongs more than your own your Anger move.

Prin. Kath. That's what I owe my Vertue, not his Love.

Prin. An. I doubt the Dauphin some rash thing will do.

Prin. Kath. La Marr was to attend our Interview;
Who did, corrupted by De Chastel, bring

The Dauphin to observe me with the King,
I from the Terror of their Fight did fly

And met her, who, to save her Treachery,
(Having a full command of all the Keys)

Dispos'd their Passage forth by several ways,
Blamount, with all the Friends that he could get,

I have engag'd to second his Retreat;
I hope my Care in that will happily prove.

Prin. An. Where there is so much Care there is some Love.

Prin. Kath. I know not whether it be Love or no,

Put such great things he did both say and do,
That I dear Friend, infinitely am oblig'd to you.

To think that may be true which now you sed,
Who can, when such a Victor will advance,

Resist that Virtue which does conquer France?
Prin. An. The Proof he lately gave you of his Flame.

Madam, is such as is above a Name.

All trodden ways in Love he does despise
As things below his passion and your Eyes.

Prin. Kath. Condemn not then my being in some pains, I assure
Till I assurance of his safety gain :
Which blessing that I may the sooner know
This proof of Friendship mine does beg of you ;
That we dividedly our selves concern
Which of us first the welcome news shall learn.

Prin. An. I'll still obey what ever you command ;
And, what I hear, you straight shall understand.

Prin. Kath. May Heaven to guide the King that I may hear,
He is beyond the prospect of my fear. [Exit Prin.]

The FOURTH ACT.

The Curtain being drawn up,

The Duke of Burgundy, the Constable, Earl of Charaloys, and the Bishop of Arras, are seen sitting at one side of a Table, attended by the French Officers of State; on the other side, are seated the Duke of Exeter, Duke of Bedford, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Earl of Warwick, attended by the English.

Burg. Since all, my Lords, is done by us and you
Which is, as previous to a Treaty, due ;
Delays in the affair should be abhor'd ;
Those impious are when Peace may be restor'd ;
Therefore, my Lords, 'twere fit you would express
On what conditions you will grant a Peace.

Exet. Those who our right and strength well understand,
Need not be told, that we all France demand.

Const. You would by meet demand a question make ;
No Treaty gives all that success can take ;
This high resolve does more become the Field ;
'Tis nobler all to lose, than all to yield.

Bedf. And you'll confess it is more nobly done ;
By Arms than Treaty to regain a Throne ;
But yet my Brother thought a Treaty good
That his French Subjects might preserve their blood.

Archbish. That King proves well the justice of his claim
Who, for his Subjects sakes, is deaf to Fame.

E. of Char. Had we no Plea but what prescription gives,
That were enough whilst any Frenchman lives.

Warw. In pleading so, my Lord, your selves you wrong ;
That can no Title be but to the strong.

For what can a protective aid afford
Against the clearest Right, and sharpest Sword ?

Bish. of Ar. From what pretence see'r a claim you draw,
France knows no right above her Salique Law ;

A Law which is both rational, and old ;
It never was by time or force controul'd.

Exet. You but imperfectly your story know ;
Or speaking thus, you hope that we do so.

That Law (if made) was past on Sala's Banks ;
And was not made for France but for the French ;

A *German* People who in *Camps* were bred,
And therefore still renounc'd a *Female* head.

Bedf. A Law, which only from arm'd Tumults rose,
And which Heaven's Law and Nature's does oppose.

My Lord of *Canterbury* 'tis in your name
To speak how *France* we challenge in our claim.

Archbisp. Philip the Fourth, as your own stories tell,
Had *Lewis*, *Philip*, *Charles* and *Isabel*;

Edward the Second did his Daughter wed;

His Sons did all to the *French* Crown succeed.

Who, no Sons leaving, *Philip*, the Uncle's Son,

Did from the Fathers Daughter take the Crown;

And kept it during injur'd *Edward*'s life;

To whom 'twas due, in justice, by his Wife.

That *Edward* dead, *Edward* the Third, his Son,

Did in his Mothers right, demand his Crown.

Cressy and *Poitiers* to the World declare

How Heav'n esteem'd his Sword in that just War.

Death, Nature's Conquerour, did him subdue;

And his great Son, the Greater of the two.

Soon after, Civil Wars our life destroy'd:

Our Swords against our selves were long employ'd.

Whilst sick with Civil War, Prides worst disease,

We bled in *France*, and lost three Provinces.

But, now when those intestine Wars are done;

We come here to receive, or take our own.

Bedf. You boast your *Salique* Law so just, and old,

That it by time or force was ne'r controul'd;

But tell, I pray, what part of it decreed

That *Marcel* should King *Childeric* succeed?

Or how it could, if not by wrested shift,

Make *Capet* Successor to *Lew*'s the Fifth,

When *Charles* of *Lorraine* should have fill'd the place;

The first Heir-Male left of your Royal Race?

Ext. 'Tis true, the States of *France*, by their decree,

Did call King *Capet* to the Monarchie.

Who wisely then did Royal Int'rest save,

Making them think that what they paid, they gave:

For so to his just right he joyn'd their power,

By which he vanquish'd his Competitor.

Thus when by Arms the *Salique* Law was try'd,

Heaven judg'd the Title to the *Female* side:

For the chief right which *Capet* had to plead

Was that he did King *Lewis* Sister wed.

Archbisp. From this great *Capet*, who that Law repeal'd,

All your succeeding Kings their Crowns have held.

By which, my Lords, we think we clearly show,

If then his claim was good, ours now is so.

Warw. Or, if you grant the States by their decree

Can give to whom they will this Monarchie,

If you their pow'r so highly will advance,

We need but conquer to have rights to *France*.

Burg. Since you, my Lords, so pry into our right,

How comes your Red-Rose now to rule your White?

Blame not what *France* to that Duke *Charles* hath done

When a *Lancastrian* Head does wear your Crown.

What by both sides may equally be sed,
That neither, as his proper right, can plead
But if your Ropes Heaven should unite,
Then you may challenge *France* with better right;
None of the present Line we will admit;
The House of *York* can only plead for it.

Ext. All of that House allow my Nephew's right;
And, under him, they for this Empire fight;
If Fate should them to *England's* Throne advance,
They shall possess, with it, the Throne of *France*;
By them as Subjects he is serv'd and fear'd.

Burg. When they are Kings again they shall be heard.
My Lords, that all this vain discourse may cease,
What say you, if, to advance you to a Penet,
We give your King the Princess *Katherine*,
And with her such vast Treasure we assign,
As may for ever all your Title buy

To *Anjou*, *Aquitain*, and *Normandy*?
Beds. How came such abject offers in your thought?
One ought not to be sold, nor th' other bought.

Burg. Then know, my Lords, the War you must pursue;
The Sword must end what Treaty could not do.

Herberts, and the rest after him.

Ext. 'Tis to the Sword we must have our recourse!
Where right's deny'd, 'tis Justice to use force.

Beds. *Pippin* and *Caper* such sharp Swords did draw
As twice repeal'd this Pagan-Sallique-Law,
My Brother then may charge is as your crime
If he presume to do it the third time.
His Sword you'll quickly feel as sharp as theirs;
Since force must plead the rights of Female-Heirs.
My Lords, Farewell! we cannot here agree.
But they'll begin th' ensuing War at Sea.
Their Fleet's prepar'd; and, by this morning Post,
Our Navy too does call me to the Coast.

Enter the Queen and Countess of La Marr.

La Marr. So far this Treaty has already gone
That the *Burgundian* did assure your Son
The English Treaty never should succeed;
Which with the *Dauphin's* Passion so agreed,
As he has offer'd him to share all *France*,
And to forget the Death of *Orleans*.
This, Madam, but too clearly lets you see
They mean to force you from the Regency;
Which the false Duke soon after will enjoy.
First he'll divide, and then your House destroy.

Queen. This service, my *La Marr*, is far above
All presents I can make you, but my love.
I thought *De Chastel* had so fierce a mind
As he to love could never have inclin'd;
But in that thought I find I injure you:
This conquest only to your Eyes is due.

La Marr. Madam, 'twas only Love which could have press'd
This fatal secret from *De Chastel's* Breast.

Nor

Nor would I e'r to him have faithless been,
But to save France, and to preserve my Queen.

Queen. Thy Queen half lost, thy Friendship does restore;
And yet thy Friendship must oblige her more.

Enter Burgund, and Constable. The Queen calls

her Eyes on Burgundy

That haughty *Burgundy* shall shortly mourn.

Kind Cousin! you have made a quick return.

Burg. The Dukes of *Bedford* and of *Batten*

Join'd with their talking Bishop, did appear,

So much averse to all that we could speak

As we in duty did the Treaty break;

Duty to you. We offer'd all you sent,

But only France can give their pride content.

Queen. Since these bold Foes take pleasure to make War,

(Proud that they dare do worse than others dare,

And prouder with success) let us provide

T' advance our merit and debase their pride.

Burg. Madam, in this just cause I shall afford

Th' assistance of my Counsel and my Sword.

Queen. It is on those my chief dependance lies;

For you, my Lord, both powerful are and wise.

Prepare for Action, and let Treaties cease:

The wife may lose by War, Fools lose by Peace.

Burg. The better to obey what you desire

Excuse me, Madam, if I now retire.

Queen. He being gone, my Lord, I'll let you know

What France, and I, do to this Lady's owe.

The Duke has broke the English Treaty now;

That to the *Dauphin* he may keep his Vow.

And false *De Chastel* made us both agree

Out of my hands to force the Regency.

And then between themselves they are to share

The high employments both of Peace and War.

Const. This Duke does all my faculties amaze

Yet still he lov'd to walk in crooked ways.

Queen. They all shall sink and their own ruine find

Within that depth which they for me design'd.

My Secretary *Perrot* understands

The Art of counterfeiting Seals and Hands:

I'll make him straight write to the English King,

As from the Duke, proposing every thing

Which false *De Chastel* offer'd from my Son;

Yet when all promis'd by the King is done,

Though less than what my Son did e'r propose

Him he'll forsake, and with the Englishable

La Marr shall entertain *De Chastel* for

As of the Duke he may suspicious grow.

La Marr. Some doubts which seem perplex'd I will unfold;

I'll say, he with the King does Treaty hold.

Queen. Which can no other way be brought to light

But by those Letters to'n which he may write:

These Letters shall, though forg'd, authentick seem;

And must be intercepted too by him.

La Marr. This will between them raise a jealousy.

Const. And when that seed is sown 'twill never dye.

The Dauphin's Soul I never understood,
If he revenge not this affront with blood.

Queen. My Lord, withdraw, and write with instant care

The Letter for Du Perron: you, La Marr,
Shall fetch De Chastel with your former Art,
And subtly play your self in all your part.

[Exit La Marr.]

Great troubles to a Throne the way prepare;
And greater troubles must preserve us there;
Yet the Ambitious envy those who reign:
They know the Pomp of Crowns, but not the pain.

[Exit.]

The Princess Katherine, meeting Princess Anna, blanch.

Prin. Kath. Madam, what News?

Prin. An. The worst that I could bring:
They have dissolv'd the Treaty with the King;
Peace is quite fled, which did before but hide
Her cheerful Face. The Sword must all decide.

Thou forward hope, Wars Voice has call'd thee back!

Prin. Kath. I ne'r could think suspense was such a rack.

Prin. An. Suspence; in any thing, a pain does prove;
But turns a torment when 'tis mix'd with love.

[Enter La Marr in haste.]

La Marr. Madam, I doubt the Queen and Duke have heard
Of that disguise in which the King appear'd.
The busy Whisp'ers run from place to place;
And fear, or news, is seen in every Face.
Small Parties meet; then to a strong they grow,
As Clouds unite before a storm does blow.

Enter Blamont.

Blam. Madam, I left the Dauphin with the Queen;
They have this Morning in a Tempest been;
Their meeting was both violent and short:
Your Brother instantly will leave the Court.
He said he would no longer vainly strive,
But boldly take what some deny to give.
Safely the Duke th' event of this attends,
And his Apartment fills with Guards and Friends.

[Enter Earl Chareloys.]

E. of Char. Madam, just now from the Dauphin came:
His Friends are kindled with his anger's flame.
He is to sudden Execution bent;
To Deeds so swift as he'll too late repent.
He puts on Wings for what he will pursue;
And says my Father does usurp his due:
And fierce De Chastel too: (which all admire)
Against his Nature strives to quench this fire.

[Enter French Lady.]

Lady. Madam, you are expected by the Queen.

Prin. Kath. This storm will fall as soon as it is seen.
My Lord, I'll strive to make the Queen apply
To this distemper a quick remedy.

Charl.

Charl. I'll still near my suspicious Father stay;
Too much suspicion does it self betray;
Irin. An. Brother, I'll follow I madam, we in such
In storms of Love of other storms complain.
Love's Queen did rise from the temple doors;
Which shews that love in storm must overtake.

Enter Tudor.

Tudor. By what the King related I may see
The Princess is for ever lost to me.
'Tis evident she has her love resign'd
To his great Title and his greater mind.
Why should I then, what she has done deplore
She did but that which I had done before.
But, Fate, thou art unjust in making me
To quit the love, yet keep the jealousy;
Which is of Love's fair and the foulest heir;
A Branch whose nourishment offends the root.
Shall jealousy a pow'r or judgment gain;
Though it does only in the fancy reign?
With knowledge thou art inconsistent still;
The minds foal Monster whom fair truth does kill.
Thy tyranny subverts even Nature's Laws;
For oft thou hast effects without a cause.
And, which thy strength or weakness does detect,
Thou often hast a cause without effect.
In all thou dost, thou ever dost amiss;
Seest what is not, or seest not that which is.
Whilst thou dost live, sickness does thee pursue;
And he who cures thee needs must kill thee too.

Enter King.

King. *Tudor!* you must not think my Friendship rude,
Though it pursue you to your solitude.
Some fatal sorrow has your heart oppress'd;
Divide it, and send half into my Breast.

Tudor. What is it can invade me in excess,
But joy, whilst I your favour, Sir, possess?

King. If my warm favour has your blessing made,
Why leave you then that Sub to seek this shade?

Tudor. Sir, from your bounties I retire to show,
I would prevent th' increase of what I owe.
I study here to pay my former score;
And I avoid your making of it more.

King. *Tudor!* I no such answer will admit;
I must be paid with truth and not with wit.
The truth of Friendship has forsook the Earth;
Thou dost dissemble thy secret scorn's mirth.
A sudden sigh does thy feign'd smiles detect;
Nature betrays more Art than I suspect.

Tudor. Let me not, Sir, be for that shape despis'd
In which I am, even to my self, disguis'd.

King. Friendship above all eyes does blind the heart;
And Faith in Friendship is the noblest part.

'Tis ill, unaskt, not to have told your pain;
But worse, when askt, if you excuse feign;
Farewel, frail Man; our Friendship here must end;
You wrong your Honour, when you wrong your Friend.

Tudor. Stay, Sir, and to your virtue I'll unfold
The saddest story that was ever told.

King. Why with thy King should there such trifling be;
With Friendship too, which sacred is as he?

Tudor. My grief is yet close Pris'ner in my Breast;
Whilst there confin'd, 'twill only mem'orise
But may disquiet you when not from home;
Complaints, when past relief, grow troublesome.

King. That grief does not all other griefs transcend;
Which greater grow when trusted to a Friend;
Friendship in noble hearts would never feign;
If Friendships duty should be Friendship's pain;
For ease of sorrow Friends from Heaven were sent.

Tudor. dispatch, and try the experiment.

Tudor. Why should you press me, Sir? it will not cure.

King. Those fear their Cure who their Physicians doubt.

Tudor. Force me not, Sir, to tell you what can be,
No ease to you, and yet a rack to me.

King. Tell it I say.

Tudor. I'll tell it though I dye
I am in Love.

King. In Love? and so am I; how I should know
Is this the strangest story e'er was known?

Tudor. Pray Heav'n you think not so e'er it be done.

King. Proceed.

Tudor. She Sir, who does my heart subdue
Is by my Friend ador'd with passion too;

And, which is worse, this passion he did tell
To me, e'er mine I durst to him reveal.

And, worse yet, that Friend does me employ
To assist his Love whilst I my own destroy.

I lose my Mistress if I condescend
To this, not doing it, I lose my Friend.

But, which is worst of all, I'll not deny
He does deserve her so much more than I.

That should she, for my sake, make him despair,
She must be more unjust than she is fair.

And whilst she does admit of my address,
The wrong I do destroys my happiness.

King. 'Tis difficult. What hast thou fixt upon?

Tudor. What I thought just I have already done.

King. Why then is so much time in sorrow spent?
For what is justly done canst thou repent?

Tudor. In what I did such justice I have shown;
That I would do't again, were it undone.

But, Sir, I cannot yet that grief remove
Which springs from Friendship that contests with Love.

As after storms the Sea does troubled show,
Though the fierce Winds, which mov'd it, cease to blow.

King. No wonder griefs wild Sea so high is wrought,
Since in your Breast Friendship and Love have fought.

But

But tell me now thy Friends and Mistress Name
For whom your self you nobly overcame.
He who you think deserves much more than you,
I must conclude deserves my Friendship too.

Tudor. Oh Sir, in that your pardon I implore:

Too much is said; force me to say no more.

King. *Tudor,* that Man must high in merit be
For whom you'll do, more than you'll trust with me.

Tudor. Forgive me, Sir, if more I dare not say:
Let me in silence mourn my Life away.

King. Rise, but no more I thee my Friend will call:
For he's no Friend, if not a Friend in all.
In part thou shew'st me what I whole would see;
A half Friend's worse than a whole Enemy.

Thy silence by a stricter way I'll break.
By thy Allegiance I command thee speak!

Tudor. Oh do not think my Soul is sunk so low,
That ought can act what Friendship could not do.

King. Thy want of it, this passion from me draws;
Excuse th' effects of which thou art the cause.
No longer, *Tudor,* at this rate contend

With him who is thy King, and more, thy Friend.

Tudor. The charming name of Friend will make me speak,
When, even my King, could not my silence break.

You are that Friend whose name I would conceal;
Who is the Mistress then I need not tell.

She too did this revelation; Sir, constraints
What but my pain could have disclos'd my pain?

King. Oh why so late dost thou this truth avow?

Tudor. I fear too early I have told it now.

King. Thus to have us'd thy Friendship breeds a pain,
Which nothing can transcend but her disdain.

Tudor. But had I told it sooner, Sir, to you,
Could you have then done more than you can now?

Since all I ask, for what you make me say,
Is but your pardon that I durst obey.

King. My ignorance alone has made me do,
What Love it self could not have forc'd me to.

Tudor. Though, Sir, the Charms of Lovers hopes are sweet,
Yet mine I freely prostrate at your feet.

King. My Rival thus in Love thou shunn'st to be,
Yet thus in honour dost out-rival me.

I to no Monarch e'r that glory gave;
Much less my Subject shall that glory have.

If, *Tudor,* you would now suppress your flame,
To shew your Friendship, or exalt your fame,

That act on neither score I will allow;
For I'm in both, as much concern'd as you.

So greatly, *Tudor,* thou hast done for me,
As nought can pay it but the same for thee.

Tudor. I cannot, Sir, imagine your design.

King. To be your Advocate as you were mine,

And

And give you leave your passion to pursue;
And, which is more, I do command you too.

Tudor. Forgive me if this offer I refuse.

King. Resolve to take it, or thy King to lose.

Tudor. Then I'll embrace it, and dispute no more.

And give me leave a Pardon to implore

From all the better World who Lovers are;

From all who shall be so, and all that were;

That I against them did so guiltily prove.

As to consider ought in Love, but Love.

King. *Tudor*, this gallantry obliges more

Than all thy pleading for me did before.

But, if I ever can attend again

That Sov'reign Beauty which does o'r us reign,

I'll give her then such Characters of thee

As shall out-speak what thou hast said of me.

We then will be each others Advocate;

And from her Sentence each receive his Fate.

Tudor. Though this is more than I could hope; yet still

That which revives my hopes, my hopes does kill.

For when describing me, you please to add

All that you think is likely to persuade,

Ev'n that a surer way will rather prove

To shew your Vertue than advance my Love.

King. Fear not, you may succeed; though drawing you

I shall but Copy what for me you drew.

Tudor. Yet those will find, who justly ballance things,

I only Subjects taught, but you teach Kings! [Exeunt.]

The FIFTH ACT.

*Enter the King, the Duke of Exeter, the Duke of Bedford,
and Tudor.*

King. OUR good successes come together still;
And, as the good concur, so do the ill.
I have observ'd it, Uncle, have not you?

Exet. 'Tis, Sir, as worthy notice as 'tis true.

King. This seems, methinks, to accuse their ignorance
Who attribute our great events to chance:
For though it may, when slowly one event
Follows another, look like accident;
Yet when together many swiftly join,
It shews a power which rules us by design.
Whilst we succeed at Land, to Heav'n we owe
The Triumph of a Naval Overthrow.

Brother, your tongue may claim the right alone
To tell what Heav'n by your brave hand has done.

Bedf. But little Fame, where many Conqu'ours were,
Could justly fall to any single share.
When we had sail'd your Fleet in sight of France,
From the *Seins* mouth the French did strait advance:

K

Their

Their number pleas'd us whom it meant to fright;
 We joy'd at any thing that made them fight.
 But whilst to gain the Wind both Navies ply'd,
 Both, to the Southward, a third Fleet destroy'd;
 Whose course, by bearing, to our Fleet was bent;
 We thought to them, they fear'd us, 'twas sent
 When drawing near us, 'twas perceiv'd by all,
 Their Flags display'd the Arms of Portugal;
 That prosp'rous King, your Kinsman, and your Friend,
 His Royal Navy to your aid did send;

Hearing the French had rigg'd a numerous Fleet;
King. This shews his Friendship, like his Virtue, great;
 I am oblig'd, and more I could not be

Than by a Debt, great as your Victory;
Bedf. The Valiant Bourbon, Admiral of France,
 Shrank not at this, but swiftlier did advance;

That shout with which we did their Navy greet;
 Th' affrighted shore did Echo to their Fleet;
 At the first shock, some Ships we sunk and burn'd;

Our order soon was to a Chace turn'd;
 The Portugal's still like the English fought;

Envyng our Valour, or else by insight;
 A thousand Deeds were worthy in that fight;

Though not, Sir, of your hands, yet of your fight;
 But what the French perform'd, worthy your praise,

Serv'd but the more your Glory, Sir, to raise;
 For your resistless Genius there did reign;

And made us gather Laurels on the Main;
 As prosp'rous Stars, though absent to the fence,

Bleis those they shine for by their influence.
 Five hundred Ships were sunk or taken there,

Whose Flags seem Wreaths for you, the Conquerour;
King. This high success at Sea, which Heaven has sent,

Has made me Master of that Element;
 When Monarchs have at Land a Battel lost,

It may, to raise new Troops, some Treasure cost;
 But to repair lost Fleets is not so cheap;

Woods are a Crop which Men but once can reap.
 That Prince, whose Flags are bow'd to on the Seas,

Of all Kings shores keeps in his hand the Keys;
 No King can him, he may all Kings invade;

And on his Will depends their Peace and Trade;
 Trade, which does Kings and Subjects wealth increase,

Trade, which more necessary is than Peace.
Exet. If the Worlds trade may to our hand be brought,

Though purchas'd by a War, 'tis cheaply bought;
Tudor. He who an Island rules and not the Sea,

Is not a King, and may a Prisoner be;
Bedf. In this Victorious Fleet your Parliament

Have such supplies of Men and Treasure sent;
 That France will now in humble posture seek

The Treaty which her former Bride did break;
King. Those Royal Limbs will not their head forsake;

My Glory they their own kind Int'rest make;
 Their Love does with their Duty nobly strive;

And giving thus, unaskt, they doubly give.

Oh *Tudor*! though my Sword at Land and Sea
Does conquer others, Love does conquer me;
Whilst under his resistless power I groan,
Fate cannot make me joyful with a Crown.

Tudor. May still the greatness of your fame increase;
And, for your quiet, may your love grow less.

Enter Warwick.

Warw. From the French Court Count *Blamont*, Sir, is sent
And newly is alighted at your Tent.

King. Admit him, but he soon may hasten home,
If from the false *Burgundian* he is come. *[Exit Warwick.*

A Prince worthy of nothing but of hate;
Early in promise, in performance late.
He cheaply rates my Honour with his own;
And meanly thinks that I would sell a Crown.
In wronging his high Birth he injures me,
And gives my Sword a right to *Burgundy*.

Enter Warwick, Blamont, Chareloys Disguis'd.

Blam. If a surprizing wonder may be news,
Such as does joy and horror too infuse,
I bring it, Sir: for he, whose Head and Sword
Made War and Peace the Creatures of his word;
The Great *Burgundian* who in *France* did reign,
Is by appointment of the *Dauphin* slain.

King. Heaven's hand is sure, though it the stroke defer.

Blam. The face of *France* does full of change appear.

King. This Murder sudden was: but what late crime
Could urge the *Dauphin* thus to Murder him?

Blam. The Duke (who said, Treaties would ne'r advance
That Peace with you which was desir'd by *France*)

Did therefore for the *Dauphin's* Friendship sue;
Jon appointed was for interview;

To which the Duke did instantly repair;
There to resolve how to contrive the War.

The *Dauphin* met at the appointed time;
But, whilst the Duke humbly saluted him,

De Chastel, unprovok'd by deed or word,
In the Duke's heart did sheath his guilty Sword:

And then the *Dauphin* publicly did own,
That this strange act by his command was done;

And said it was a justice due to *France*,
Because the Duke had murder'd *Orleans*.

King. Through what false Opticks do mens passions look?
In this wild justice he out-fin'd the Duke.

Blam. *De Chastel* talk'd (though few did credit it)
Of Letters taken which the Duke had writ;

Th' Express confess that they to you were meant,
In which he offer'd (if you would consent

To what he there, Sir, did propose to you,)
He would unthrone the King and *Dauphin* too.

King. I by the Duke have been so coarsly us'd,
That what he had propos'd I had refus'd.

Will not the Son revenge the Father's fall?
[Chareloys pulls off his Disguise.

Charel. Yes, Sir, and does for your assistance call.
The

The blood of Sov'rain Princes basely spilt,
Calls loud to Monarchs to revenge the Guilt:
My reason, not my passion, makes me flye
From a false Friend to a brave Enemy.
If you'll revenge high blood, ignobly shed,
The Crown of *France* I'll settle on your head.
And, when you wed the Princess *Katherine*,
The States shall then entail it on your Line.
Of those most are my Friends and my Allies;
And they are all so Noble and so Wise,
That with one Voice they will aloud disdain
The proud injustice of a Murd'ers Reign.

King. Your Father's faults I'll cast into his Grave;
And will revenge that blood I could not save.
And since you are so generous and just,
That, without Treaty, you my honour trust,
You shall, Sir, on a Kings unblemish'd word,
Enjoy my Friendship, and engage my Sword.

Char. Where Faith is wanting this would satisfie;
On which, as on Truths Pillars, I rely.

King. Th' Example of your worth will make a Friend;
But what, Sir, does the *Dauphin* now intend?

Char. This fatal Murder, Sir, he did design
Just when the Queen, the Princess *Katherine*,
My Sister *Anne*, and I, (t' avoid the heat
And noise of *Paris*) did to *Meaux* retreat:
Some Troops to seize on us he thither sent:
One of their Leaders (as to *Meaux* they went,
Being my private Friend) did by a Post
Tell me, unless we fled, we all were lost:
And that we should not then tow'rds *Paris* flye,
For on that Road some other Troops did lye
To intercept us if we thither fled.

King. This root of mischief soon will shoot and spread.

Char. At this I found the Queens amazement great:
For being now cut off from her retreat,
Her wisdom could not teach her what to do:
I then propos'd we all should flye to you,
As the securest way to scape his rage;
And so your Virtue by our trust engage;
Vertue so known as would her fears controul.

King. Trust is the strongest Bond upon the Soul:
That sacred Tye has Vertue oft begot;
It binds where 'tis, and makes it where 'twas not.

Char. I said she might, to break her Son's design,
Give you for Bride the Princess *Katherine*:
And urge th' Estates t' entail the Crown on you:
This to your right, that to your love is due.
This done, what could resist your Arms and mine?
As she consider'd how she should incline,
Clermont came in, disguis'd; in whose known care
Her Wealth and Jewels lay; who did declare
Her Treasure was surpriz'd, by some who said
That they the *Dauphin* in that act obey'd;
Who would employ that wealth, vilely procur'd,
So as that *France* should have her peace assur'd.

King.

King. The *Dauphin*, in his rage or want, has done
What was below him as a Prince or Son.

Charles. Though the this wrong and loss did calmly bear,
Yet the high Dictates of Revenge and Fear
Made her resolve immediately to do
What I with reason first advis'd her to.
And now at *Troy*, the Queen and Princess are,
To which the *Dauphin* will Transport the War,
A Garrison of mine secures that Town,
And since 'tis mine you know it is your own.

King. 'Tis chiefly to your favour I must owe
My being blest in Love and Conquest too.

Charles. 'Twere fit, Sir, that you sent some Troops of Horse
The Garrison of *Troy* to re-inforce.

King. I'll lead them; Sir, my self; all that are mine
In France, are but the Guards of *Katherine*.
My Duty else she might in question bring.

Charles. 'Tis spoken like a Lover and a King.

Blamont. I'll send before that she may know
What Honour to her you intend to do.
When you to *Troy* are come it shall appear
I will perform more than I promis'd here.

King. You may augment my debt, as you think fit,
But nothing can encrease my sense of it,
Unless your favour, Sir, I could incline
To make my Brother's joys keep time with mine.
His Love to Princess *Anne* wants your consent.

Charles. She made me in their Loves her confident
And in your Brother I shall think her blest.

King. This, Sir, makes our bloods and interest.

Bed. This grant (great Prince) my happiness secures.

King. It makes my happiness as much as yours.
Now, *Tudor*, if our prosperous Stars design
That we shall both see beautiful *Katherine*,
I will perform all that I promis'd thee
And when thy story she has heard from me
(In which by all her truth I'll do thee right)

We then our Supplications will unite,
That she (our Judge) will only him prefer
Whom she believes is least unworthy her:
Without regarding in the cause we bring
That thou my Subject art, or I thy King.

Tudor. In Vertue, Sir, so much you me out-shine
That you all other Motives may decline.

King. Brother, 'tis fit the Duke with you and I,
Should on the Princess wait immediately.
Tudor's Brigade the Princess Guard shall be,
And with the Army you must follow me.

*Enter Queen, Princess Katherine, Princess Anne,
Countess La Mar.*

Queen. Our sins make us defenceless, and we fly
For our protection to our Enemy
Thy Laws, Oh Heav'n I have Offended so
That thou hast made my Son my greatest Foe?

Into the World I have the Monster brought;
And now no suff'rings can transcend that fault.

Prin. Kath. Madam, you make whilst thus you bear his crime;
Our grief more just for you than yours for him.

La Marr. If he should hear you grieve in this excess,
The triumph of his malice would increase.

Prin. An. My Duty has th' assault of grief withstood;
For since his fary shed my Fathers blood,

That wasted time which you employ to grieve,
I, to design'd revenge, more justly give;

Let all your sorrow in such thoughts expire;
Queen. Grief is the Fuel, and Revenge the fire.

Prin. An. Think then on all the Crimes which he has done,
And let those thoughts cancel the name of Son.

Queen. Since fall so low from what is great or good,
I hate his Crimes more than I love his blood.

Enter Blamont.

Blam. Madam, my Duty has provok'd my speed;
The King and Duke most strictly are agreed

And both this night will wait upon you here.
Queen. This happy News suppresses all my fear,

And makes me hope, assisted by their Fate,
That I shall live to punish what I hate.

Blam. Those Troops, now on their March, he does design
As Guards t' attend the Princess Katherine;

And therefore would not fend, but leads them here,
That his respect and love may both appear.

Queen. We were, when to this Monarch we did trust,
Kind to our selves and to his Vertue just.

Blamont, for this reception straight prepare
All that can joy and our respect declare.

Daughter, you must a while retire with me;
I have some Words which need your privacy. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Constable, and Bishop of Arras.

Arras. Our Ecclesiastick States are all agreed
This day the Dauphin for his bloody deed

Will summon'd be to answer what was done.
Const. I have the Peers to that conclusion won;

And those who represent the Commons too
Will now not slowly yield to what we do.

I'll lose my judgment if he dares appear.
Arras. He loses his, and life, in coming here;

This murder has incens'd them to the height.
Const. All hate a Prince who violates his Faith.

The peoples tempers do occasion give
T' obey those orders we did now receive.

I find already that the most incline
The King should marry Princess Katherine;

And on their Issue would the Crown entail.
Arras. The Dauphin's crime will make that King prevail.

Const. Rather than bow beneath a Murderers power,
Let's to the Throne advance our Conquerour.

The Queen and Duke expect it at your hands.

Arrai. I never durst obey unjust commands.

Const. Do you then think that those commands are such?

Arrai. If you think so, my Lord, you wrong me much.

My judgment by a better guide was led.

When I our Annals and Records had read.

For then I doubted that since *Charles the Fair*

Our Kings insensibly Usurpers were.

The Crown (if truth did dictate what I read)

Belong'd to the Victorious *Edward's* Head.

Which no prescription from his Line should take.

I'll therefore to this change no scruple make.

But if the *Duchess* were the rightful Heir,

You might of my obedience then despair;

For Reason's Maxim I must ever own;

No man can make a forfeit of his Crown.

Much less can I admit the *Statute's* Decree

Has power to give away this Monarchie.

Const. My justice shall, now I am taught by you,

Perform what I resolv'd revenge should do.

My Lord, let's go where all our Friends are met;

And jointly pay to Heav'n this double debt.

Enter King, Princess Katherine, Tudor.

King. Madam, I have injurious been to him.

As far as ignorance could make a crime.

I did employ him in my suit to you.

But knew not then, that he ador'd you too.

But I declare (which some amendments may be)

That he at least, in all things equals me.

Unless in Title; his 'tis greater far.

A Crown to merit than a Crown to wear.

Can Title in that Balance prevail.

Where Love is Merit, and you hold the Scale.

I waive whatever may your favour move.

Except the Title of the highest Love.

Speak for thy self; I have less will to thee.

Tudor. Only my silence, Sir, should plead for me.

King. Thy love, when I employ'd thee, was unknown.

I minded no mans sorrows but mine own.

Nor where so many shafts were shot in me.

Could think, any before had wounded thee.

Tudor. All, Sir, that in my cause is said by you.

At once is for me, and against me too.

Howe'r, I'll rather speak than quite despair.

Since she is just and you my Rival are.

Yet, Sir, this difference to my case is due,

You speak for me, but I resign for you.

Prin. Kath. He who resigns his Love, though for his King, and binds

Does, as he is a Lover, a low thing.

But as a Subject, a high Crime does do.

Being at once, Subject and Rebel too.

For, whilst to Regal Pow'r he does submit,

He casts off Love, a greater pow'r than it.

Tudor. I fear you now are glad of a presence

To punish what you cannot recompence.

Else

Else could you think Loves pow'r I do not know,
Because my Love all others does out-go?
If I by that seem guilty in your Eye,
Oh happy guilt which raises Love so high!
For I but shew in what I now have done,
That I your Int'rest prize above my own.

Prin. Kath. But justly I admire how you can prove
So true to Friendship, and so false to Love;
Since in effect they both are but the same,
Only the Sex gives them a different name.

Tudor. Your Friendship tax for being too sublime,
And make its duty, ev'n to Love a Crime.

Prin. Kath. Your King does give you a brave Rival leave,
But you seem loth that licence to receive
Of these, which for my wonder is more fit;
The leave he gave, or your not using it?

Tudor. The Giver may such gifts as these esteem
I can, but by refusing, merit them
And, Madam, since 'tis evident that you
Can never pay what to us both is due,
Why will you call that act in me a crime
By which we both may justice do to him?
Nor blame me that my Friendship's debt I paid
By thus resigning what I never had.

Let me my death without reproaches crave.

Prin. Kath. At once you my disdain, and pardon have.

Tudor. But why should you disdain that which to you
Obedience shews, to him my Duty too?

Prin. Kath. It is a Duty he will not receive.

Tudor. But you, to love you, have deny'd me leave.

Prin. Kath. He who makes love at a true Lover's sight,
Does ne'r ask leave, but takes it as his right.

Tudor. Have you design'd in what you'd have me do
To make me lose my King and Mistress too?

In losing of the last I'm so accurs'd
As you'll in pity let me keep the first.

Prin. Kath. P'd have you, Sir, in that which I intend,
Express that you did merit such a Friend:

I would have had you too, to let him see
That you were not unworthy to love me.

But, making such an ill Retreat, you seem
No more to merit bravely me or him.

What greater thing or meaner could you do,
Than dare at once to love and quit me too?

I would have had you like your self appear,
And not with Friendship's name disguise your fear.

Nor tell him he to your respect does owe
That which alone my justice does bestow.

I would have had you nobly fall by it,
And not thus meanly, uncompell'd submit.

Tudor. Madam, with you no longer I'll contend;
Since in the way we differ, not the end.

Sir, though she thinks my condemnation fit;
Yes, without sighs, I to her doom submit;

For one joys loss another joy secures
What loses me her favour, merits yours.

King.

King. Whilst, *Tudor*, you for me your claim deny,
I gain the Field, and you the Victory.

Your's is the nobler, mine the happier share,
I'm the oblig'd, but you th' obliger are.

Prin. Kath. In leaving me, as worthy of your Friend,
You to the utmost rate my worth commend.
Whilst with that value I to him am brought,
You shew a Friendship worthy to be fought.
Be but my Friend, as you to him have been,
Letting out Love to keep your Friendship in,
And make forsaken Love contented seem;
Then I'll your Friendship, Sir, like Love esteem.

Enter Queen, Charlevoix, Duke of Bedford, and Princess Anne.

Queen. I'm come to tell you, Sir, that we have sign'd
All that can *France* to your protection bind.

The States have judg'd to banishment my Son:
And, as we promis'd, have entail'd the Crown.

Charl. And, Sir, in all their names, one from each State
Attending both your Thrones, shall supplicate
That they in publick their Decree may give;
Which only from their Justice you receive.

Queen. That publick form, Sir, may a little wait
Till we our Nuptial Rites shall celebrate;
My thoughts are fully to my Daughter known.

King. But from her self would I might know her own.

Prin. Kath. I of your love shall too unworthy be
When I deny that it has conquer'd me.

King. He who the glory has to conquer you,
Does, without War, more than the World subdue.

Bedf. Heav'n meant not you alone should happy be.
Behold, Sir, what it has reserv'd for me.

Confirm'd by her, and by her Brother too!

Charl. The gift is perfect when allow'd by you.

King. I can but add the Ceremonial part;
You had the substance when you had the heart.

Prin. An. I cannot add to what I gave before,
Unless in saying I could give no more.

Queen. Crowds of impatient Subjects wait within
To see the Nuptials of their King and Queen:

The Sacred Rites to the Temple stay;

And longs to mingle with your Bays.

It were offensive to admit delay

She, Sir, will follow when I lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Dauphin.

Dauph. Revenge and pride my reason have betray'd;
And both have ruin'd what both should have obey'd.

This Duke did with his life his duty pay,

Which, in his blood, are written down for mine.

Revenge! of all thy charms Oh let me find

But one t' appease the Tempest of my mind.

Let none to the success of mischief trust

I'll rather be unhappy than unjust.

Exit.

M

Enter

Enter De Chastel hastily.

De Chastel. You cannot your new Levies now employ, half on fire I
To storm or to besiege the Queen in *Troye*.
Sir, to prevent our courage and her fear,
The King of *England* is in Person there.
The Bride's prepar'd, the King and Duke agreed,
The trembling States have treach'rously decreed,
During your Father's Life the King shall be
Admitted to a boundless Regencie,
And, after his decease their Law declares
The Crown shall fall to *Henry* and his Heirs.
The Queen (to whom they vast Revenues give)
Will, quitting power, rich and obscurely live.

Dauph. Can her revenge alone incline her to
What right and nature could not make her do?

De Chast. Spend not that time in blaming what she does,
Which fortune for a fair retreat allows.

The Duke of *Exeter*, with all his Horse,
Directly to your Camp now bends his course.
Th' Alarm of such a growing force so near
Gave your new Troops a good excuse for fear.
O'take your time before it runs too far,
Sir, 'tis a granted principle in War,
That Chiefs, not strong enough to engage in fight,
Should still retire before the Foe's in sight.
Of all Wars tasks the hardest is Retreat,
Where fear does our worst Foe, Disorder meet.
Retire, Sir, lest men say, we proudly stay'd
Too long for those of whom we were afraid.

Dauph. Must the first Act which I design'd to do
Be foyl'd, and e'r it is attempted too?

De Chast. Let not one look of Fortune cast you down:
She were not Fortune if she still did frown.

Such as do bravely'st bear her scorn a while
Are those on whom, at last, she most will smile.

Dauph. Raise then the Camp! Fortune, that leads the way,
Of time's whole progress can give us a day.

The Curtain falls.

*Two Heraulds appear opposite to each other in the Balconies
near the Stage.*

1. *Her. Herauld!* What Summon have you to proclaim?
Whom would you summon now, and in whose name?

2. All that are *English*, all that are *French* appear!

1. I am to summon those great Nations here.

2. And I must summon them to come before

Henry the Fifth, both King and Conquerour.

All that are *English*, all that are *French* appear!

1. Behold your King and Queen I behold I and hear!
You Prelates of the Church are summon'd all,
And every Member Ecclesiastical.

2. And every Noble too, and Commoner!

1. He that is *French* or *English*, and not here,

In Person or in publick Deputy,
Shall, though alive, in Law not living be.

2. *Henry*

2. Henry the Fifth is now to take the Crown
Of France, not as if giv'n him, but his own.

1. That Crown shall still defend to all his Line
As Heirs, or not as Heirs, of Katherine.

2. He that is French, or English, now stand

1. Or else he is no Liege-man, nor no Friend.

The Curtain is drawn up.

The Curtain being lifted up, there appear the King, Princess Katherine, Queen Mother, Princess Anne, Charlemaigne, and all the English and the French Nobility and Officers of State, and others according to their places.

King. The Deputies, sent by the three Estates,
Wait for admittance at your Palace Gates.

King. My Lord with all the publick forms of care,
Let all my Officers their way prepare.

[All the Officers design'd for that purpose, then

orderly go into the Palace.]

If ought this day my blessings could abate,
'Tis that they are ill husbanded by Fate.

For, Madam, I am now too happy grown

By gaining in one day, you and a Throne.

The first felicity I found so vast

As takes away my selfish of the last.

Enter the distinct Trains of the Deputies from the three Estates, the King's Officers, and last of all the three Deputies, the Bishop of Arras for the Ecclesiasticks, the Constable for the Peers, and Monsieur Colemore for the people.

Bish. of Ar. Great King, th' Estates of France have sent us three
To pay their Duties in this just Decree:

Fixing the Crown on you, and on that line,

Which Heaven, in favour, shall to both design.

Who knows what wonders such a line may do

As is from Beauties drawn and Conqu'rous too?

In which, Heav'n all those Princes will unite

Who to this Empire have, or claim a right.

We by the Dauphin's bloody deed did see

That he but falsely claim'd what he would be.

For we admir'd one born to fill his Throne

Could act his crime, and then that crime could own:

But, searching our Records, we found at last,

That a long error as a truth has past:

For he who flies, now justice does advance,

Is Charles of Valois, not the Son of France.

From those Records the Learned clearly tell

Your Ancient Title by Queen Isabel;

By whom you to this Crown are lawful Heir:

New rights we grant not, but the old declare.

This just Decree, in which they pay that debt,

We humbly prostrate at your Royal Feet.

I from the Clergy come to whom is given

The lasting pow'r of Legates sent from Heav'n,

Their Pray'rs will make you conquer when you fight;

And, in their Voice, Heav'n does allow you right.

Const.

Conf. I from the Nobles come, who still are born
To save their Monarchs, and their Courts adorn;
And still are certain of th' incessant care
Of Palaces and dangers of the War;
They in their Speare should still continue bright,
Since they from Kings derive their borrow'd light.

Mounf. Cole. I from the people come, who always are
The Hands, as Nobles, are the heads of War.
And when the glorious toils of War shall cease,
Their hands are no less useful, Sir, in Peace.

B. of Arundel. And all the three do with one voice confess
They in their duty find their happiness.

King. Th' Estates, I hope, my Lords, shall ne'r repent
What I receive, and they have freely sent.

English and French now but one people are;
And both shall have my equal love and care.
But *Chastel of Calais* we shall soon destroy;
And, by his ruine, *France* shall Peace enjoy.
Since now 'gainst so much guilt we are to fight,
We may depend on Conquest as our right.
Our Swords should only Miracles produce,
Now we have joyn'd the *Cross* and *Leu de Luce*.
'Twere sin the help of Fortune to implore
To crown that head your hands have crown'd before.

Exeunt Omnes.

Edw. of Ed. Great King, th' Estates of France have sent us three
To pay their Duties in this last Decree:
Fixing the Crown on you, and on that line,
Which Heaven, in favour, shall not soon decline.

Who have what wonders that a man may do
As it from *Boissier* down and *Compe*, our too
is which, I fear, all those Princes will none
Who to this Empire have, or claim a right.
We by the *Madame's* blood, both did see
That he has fairly claim'd what he would have
For we admit'd one born to fill his Throne.

Could not his crime, and that he could own
That, leaving our Records, we found at last,
That a young man as a truth has said,
For he who lies, now justice does advance,
is *Charles* of *Valois*, not the Son of *France*.
From these Records the *Exchequer* clearly tell
Who is the true *Compe*.

By whom you to this Crown are lawful heirs:
Now right we grant not, but the old doctrine
This last Decree, in which they pay their due,
We humbly protest at your Royal Feet.
I from the *Cherry* come to whom is given
The blessing how 't of *Luxure* less from Heaven,
Their Prayers will make you conquer when you fight,
And, in their Voice, Heaven does allow you right.

THE

45

T B R A N D Y

O F

MUSTAPHA,

The SON of

SOLYMAN

THE

Magnificent.

Written by the Right Honourable
The EARL of ORRERY.



LONDON,

Printed for H. Herringman, and sold by Joseph Knight, formerly
at the Blue-Anchor in the New-Exchange, now removed to
the Paper's Head in the Outward Walk. 1690.

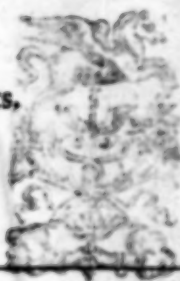
N

The Persons.

S olyman the Magnificent.	Mr. Betterton.
Mustapha, and } His Sons.	Mr. Harris.
Zanger	Mr. Smith.
Rustan, and } Vizier Bassaws.	Mr. Sanford.
Pyrrhus	Mr. Norris.
Haly, and } Eunuch Bassaws.	Mr. Cadman.
Achmat	Mr. James Nokes.

The King of Hungary an Infant.	Mr. Young.
The Cardinal of Veradium.	Mr. Medburn.
Thuricus, and } Hungarian Lords.	Mr. Angel.
Viche	

Roxolana, Solyman's Wife.	Mrs. Betterton.
Queen of Hungary.	Mrs. Davis.
Zarma, and } Roxolana's Women.	Mrs. Long.
Mirza	Mrs. Norris.
Cleora, Queen of Hungary's Woman.	Mrs. Shadwel.
The Sultan's Guards.	
Mutes.	
Pages.	
And other Attendants.	



Mustapha.

Printed for J. Sturges, at the Blue-Anchor in the Strand, near the Queen's Head in the Old Bath, 1700.

Mustapha.

The FIRST ACT.

Solyman's Camp and his Pavillion.

Enter *Solyman*, *Rustan*, *Pyrrhus*, and the *Sultan's* Guards.

Rust. **W**Hat Influence, Mighty *Sultan*, rules the day,
And stops your course where glory leads the way?
Th' *Hungarian* Armies hasten from the Field,

And *Buda* waits for your approach to yield;
Yet you seem doubtful what you are to do,
And turn from Triumphs when they follow you.

Pyrrh. We at the Suns one moments rest should more
Admire than at his glorious course before.

Glory, like Time, progression does require,
When it doth cease t' advance, it does expire.

Soly. You both mistake; my glory is the cause

That in my Conquest I have made this pause;

Whilst *Hungary* did pow'ful Foes afford,

I thought her Ruine worthy of my Sword;

But now the War does seem too low a thing,

Against a Mourning Queen, and Infant King;

Pyrrhus, it will unequal seem in me

To Conquer, and then blush at Victory.

Rust. None but the Conquer'd should have sence of shame.

Shall shows of Vertue darken your bright Fame?

Success does cover all the crimes of War,

And Fame and Vertue still consistent are.

In lazy Peace let Christian Monarchs rust,

Who think no War, but what's defensive, just.

Our Valiant Prophet did by slaughter rise:

Conquest a part of our Religion is.

Pyrrh. He in his Holy War founds no retreat,

Accounting none Religious but the great;

His Martyrs, not by yielding, glory gain;

They th' other World, by Conquering this, obtain.

Soly. To *Rome* I will my dreadful Ensigns lead,

Rome which was once the Universal head,

Which still the Worlds important part controuls;

Once she gave Laws to Kingdoms, now to Souls;

To that great Conquest my designs I bend,

This Kingdom is my way and not my end,

Which now, since too much fear'd by my Alarms,

Seems worthier of my pity than my Arms.

Rust.

Rust. Since *Rame* did once the Universe subdue,
 'Tis now the only Conquest fit for you;
 But he who Conquests wisely has design'd
 Does never leave an Enemy behind;
 Though all that Heaven's Great Agent can
 Is now in you, yet Heaven's Great Agent can
 Proceed but as the Instrument of Fate,
 To work out Conquests, not at once Create;
 Beginnings should to th' end still useful be;
 'Tis more to use than gain a Victory.

Pyrrh. The Sword must end what Valour has begun,
 Else you disgrace what is already done;
 Your Foes would think if you should now relent,
 That you of Conquests as of Crimes repent.
 When your bright Crescents are to *Buda* shown,
 'Tis but a step to the *Hungarian* Crown;
 Your presence lower than their knees will bring
 Th' *Hungarian* Priests to offer up their King.
 When by that proof your Conquest is confess'd,
 Dispose of him by rules of interest.

Soly. Bear then my Standard before *Buda's* Walls;

I should not stop my Ears when glory calls;
 Since there the Foe all his reserves does make,
 In taking *Buda* I the Kingdom take.
 Call the *Divan*, let them consult with you,
 What with the Infant King is fit to do.
Divans like Common-wealths regard not fame,
 Disdaining honour they can feel no shame;
 Each does, for what the publick safety call,
 Venture his Vertue in behalf of all,
 Doing by pow'r what Nature does forbid,
 Each hoping, amongst all, that he is hid,
 Hidden because they on each other wink;
 When they dare act what Monarchs seldom think.

Enter *Isabella* *Queen of Hungaria in Mourning*, *Cleora*, *Thuricus*, *Viche*,
 and *Attendants*.

Thur. In the *Hungarian* Council does appear
 Disorder vary'd in all shapes of fear.

Viche. And in their looks too clearly I descry,
 They'l rather tamely yield than bravely dye.

Queen. But yet the remedy by Death remains;

When that may free them, will they carry Chains?

Their Souls are with their Armies overcome;

They who the Bulwark were of *Christendom*,

Shall now be made at once their scorn and shame;

'Tis left to lose their Countrey than their Fame;

But though the frighted States should yield the Town,

I am resolv'd ne'r to resign the Crown.

My care of that, and my neglect of Life,

Are signs that I have been your Monarchs Wife.

Thur. The death of that Great King for whom you Mourn,

Did our advancing Empire backward turn;

The *Turks* may now the *Christian* World out-brave;

Since all our hearts lie bur'd in his grave.

Card.

Card. The Sultan's Army covers *Buda's Hills*,
Which our Consulting States with terror fill,
Who hearing he to such has mercy shown,
As, timely yielding, did his wrath atone;
They will a sudden present to him bring,
Worth more than all their lives, our Infant King.

Queen. Give up the King! in that resolve I see
The Hungarians now are ripe for slavery;
The Prince, who from your King his birth did take,
Shall not a part of Turkish triumph make;
Death may, but fear shall never, cast me down,
Who yields, does ne'r deserve to wear a Crown;
Death shall us both in the first breach relieve,
We'll die, since in the Throne we cannot live.

Thur. Ah Madam, that which you have now design'd,
Does more become your fortune than your mind;
Let not your Virtue teach you cruelty.

Queen. 'Tis worse to merit death than 'tis to die;
A Queen who does resign her Son and State,
Does use her self, worse than she's us'd by Fate.

Card. Since now the States your broken Armies pay,
The orders of the States they will obey;
And what they have resolv'd, they soon will do,
Therefore my Counsel, Madam, pray pursue;
Since they have prov'd so false and so unjust,
Turn what they make necessity to trust;
Send the Crown-Jewels, and the Infant King
To *Roxelana* as an Offering.

Subdue that Beauty which the Victor loves,
With what the Great are foppish conquer'd, praise
Extol her Vertue, and her Merit more,
By all the Charms of pity and of love;
In gaining her you make the Sultan sure,
A desperate ill can have no common cure.

Whilst with applause high minds you higher raise,
You make them virtuous to make good your praise.

Queen. The States, not I, this Counsel may esteem,
'Twill make me do what I abhorred in them;
If by their Cowardice I am destroy'd,
I'll bravely meet what I in vain avoid.

Ah! 'tis enough my fate to undergo,
Must I the Patient be, and Agent too?
'Tis Hazardous on th' Empress to rely,

I by the Sultan's Conquest can but die,
And 'twill less glory to my death afford,
To perish by her Sentence than his sword.

By my own way I but to death submit,
But if I follow yours I merit it;
For when a Monarch is subdued by fear,

What he does suffer he deserves to bear,
And My way, the worst that can befall our King,
Is to become his peoples offering.

Of the two ills, which will the worst be,
To die for them, or by their Treachery?
Then he'll assist whom he can ne'r reclaim,
For sure the sharpest punishment is shame.

The worse they are, his fate the better seems,
When those who him destroy he thus redeems;
Religion too makes it a greater thing,
To die a Martyr than to live a King.

Queen. My Lord, your pious reasons make me yield,
Nature to Vertue should resign the field;
Bring me, *Cleora*, my unhappy Son,
And with him all the Jewels of the Crown;

[Exit *Cleora*.

You *Thurion* on Embassy shall go
To *Roxolana's* Tent, and let her know
How much the common voice of Fame I trust,
Which renders her compassionate and just;
Whilest others say she all her Sex exceeds,
They shew their Faith by words, but I by deeds;
I by so strange a trust may find relief,
If she has vertue equal to my grief.

Viche. Madam, she will not now by one mean act,
A future stain on her past fame contract.

Thur. Honour will make her value what I bring.
'Tis more to save than to destroy a King.

Enter Cleora with the young King, and a Casket of Jewels, with Attendants.

Queen. Ah! wou'd thy Cradle had been made thy Grave.
Since born to be at once a King and Slave;
In bonds thy fatal Reign thou dost begin,
And thou art punish'd e'r thou know'st to sin.

Card. You feed your sorrow when you thus complain;
Think not of loss, but count what you may gain;
Fortune who leads him hence will bring him back,
And long preserve what you a while forsake.

Queen. My Lord, my sorrow seeks not your relief,
You are not fit to judge a mother's grief;
You have no Child for an untimely grave,
Nor can you lose, what I desire to have.

Card. He'll be restor'd unless you hazard him,
By losing time which none could ere redeem.

Queen. I'll now seal up the heart which I must feed
In thee, to thy new-Mother and my Friend.

[Kisses him.

Oh Heav'n perswade her that she both may prove,
And that her power be equal'd by her love;
Let me but seal't again ere it does go:

Two Seals th' importance of Dispatches show.

[Kisses him again.

Card. Madam, we must by stealth our passage get,
Our Guards are strict, and th' Evening Watch is set.

Queen. Be you his Nurse, *Cleora*, teach him how,
He should to Heav'n with early homage bow;
Teach him to sooth the Empress, and to be
A pretty suppliant for himself and me.

[Exeunt *Card* and *Queen*, the *Queen* still turning
her Eyes towards her Son, and weeping.]

Enter Mustapha, Zanger, Attendants.

Must. Sure, my dear *Zanger*, those who heretofore,
The envy'd Crown of this Great Empire wore;
Nere knew the charms which Friendship do attend,
Or in a Brother never had a Friend;
Since he who Friendships sacred power has known,
Rather than kill a Friend, would lose a Throne;
Your Friendship at so just a rate I prize,
As I for that this Empire can despise.

Zang. That jealous care which on this Throne attends,
Thinks those too great who merit to be Friends;
None but an equal should in Friendship share,
And *Sultans* of their equals jealous are:
They think the proof of wisdom is distrust,
And then believe, what ere is safe is just;
Their fatal Maxims made our *Sultans* still
As soon as they were Crown'd, their Brothers kill.

Must. How can that wisdom in our *Sultans* be;
Which of it self is fear and cruelty?
If titles change th' intention of the Fact,
Then justice weighs the Actor not the Act;
And who would not a Monarchy refuse,
When, to gain pow'r, he must his nature lose?
The virtue of that man was never strong,
Who fear'd not more to do than suffer wrong.

By our great Prophet solemnly I swear,
If I the Turkish Crown do ever wear,
Our bloody custom I will overthrow,
That debt I both to you and justice owe.

Zang. And here I vow by all that's good and high,
I'll not out-live the day in which you die;
This which my Friendship makes me promise now,
My grief will then enable me to do.

Must. My vow is seal'd.

Zang. Mine Friendship shall make good.

Must. Friendship's a stronger tie than that of blood.

[*They embrace.*]

Enter Haly.

Haly. Sir, the *Divan* in Secret Council sit;
The *Sultan* to their Judgment does remit
The Summons or Assault of this proud Town,
Or to demand the Infant with his Crown.

Zang. If the *Divan* may of this Realm dispose,
Th' Hungarians will have scarce enough to lose.

Must. Councils dare do worse than their Monarchs dare;
For where in evil many bear a share,
They hardly count, when they divide the guilt,
A drop for each, though streams of blood were spilt.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Roxolana with her Train, Cleora, Thuricus with
the young King, and a Casket of Jewels.*

Rox. She thinks that my compassion may be bought:
You had the King without these Jewels brought,

If she had held me worthy to have shown,
That I without reward could save a Crown:
She does at once what generous seems and low,
What her trust builds, her gifts do overthrow.
Bear back the remnants of her ruin'd State,
And leave the Infant to expect his Fate.

Thur. Great *Roxolana* cannot but excuse
Those errors which our Queens respects produce;
She makes for her offence no ill amends,
When she dares trust that Virtue she offends;
Nor has she cause that error to deplore,
Which gives you power to shew your mercy more.
'Tis not below your fame, nor yet your state,
To pardon faults your Glory does create;
For if your Glory had been less sublime,
You could not take her Present for a crime.
These glistering Ornaments of Regal State,
Become the Prosp'rous, not th' Unfortunate.
Ah! to her error, Madam, be more kind;
The wrong she meant not, she the truth design'd.

Rox. What I resolve, I change not through mistake;
Leave here your King, but bear your Presents back.
Cleora. This answer makes us both rejoice and mourn;
The greater gift you keep, the less return;
Yet your protection cannot be deny'd;
Honour and Mercy ever were ally'd.

Thurica, Cleora, Roxolana,

Lady carries away the Infant.

Enter Zarna.

Zarn. From the Divan, *Rustan* is hither sent,
Who humbly begs t' attend you in your Tent.

Rox. Admit him; this must of importance be;
He is a Cloud between the Sub and me.

Achm. Your beams exhal'd what they may soon suppress;
He'll shrink in lesser time than he did swell.

Rox. He's now the *Sultan*, but I rais'd him first,
And poyson'd him with power to make him worst.

Enter Halp, Rustan.

Rust. From the Divan, Great Empress, I am come;
They have pronounc'd the Royal Infants doom;

And now their Mutes at your Pavilion Gate,
For execution on your pleasure wait.

Rox. Can they contest with those they should despise?
Or are they in such want of Enemies?

As to pursue an Infant to my Tent?
Rust. 'Tis said that he is here for refuge sent.

Rox. Design of refuge sanctifies this place;
Weakness pursu'd, shews strong pursuers base.

The privilege of refuge I'll maintain, when they in evil many count;
And they not breaking it will boot no gain.

Rust. States may by honour lose, if they comply
With mischiefs, because weak, when they are strong.

They root up Infant Danger when it springs;
None can fore-tell the height of growing Kings.

Rox. The grave *Demon* in ruining their Foes,
Are not concern'd when they may lose or lose.

Because

Because it most reflects on future Fame;
But they seek present Safety though with shame.
Great *Solyman*, who has for Honour fought,
Does wisely prize what with his Blood he bought;
And what he values, I must value too;
Doing like him, how can I better do?
But the *Divan* and I shall vainly strive,
Since from the *Sultan* they that Power derive;
By which for bloody Int'rest they contend,
And by his Power, my Honour I defend.

Rust. Your Beauty keeps all humane Pow'r in awe;
What can resist it, but our Prophets Law?
The wise *Divan*, arm'd with Religious Force,
Contests not with your Pow'r, but your Remorse.

Rox. Religion now does many Faces bear,
And all resemble those, who Copy her;
You States-men in your own Resemblance draw
Her Shape, by which you keep the World in awe.

Rust. Fair Empress, when Religion does oppose
What Custom plants, or in our Nature grows;
We are incens'd, and yet we then forbear
To accuse the Law, but tax th' Interpreter;
As Men refrain to quarrel with the strong,
But Wrongs pretend from those whom they may wrong;
Our Law offends them by their own mistake,
Whilst what is merciful, they cruel make:
This Infant's Blood will quench the Flames of War;
Millions of Lives we by his dying spare.

Rox. But can Religion with such ill dispense
As Harm prevents, by harming Innocence?

Rust. Shall true Religion (which must still declare
Against all false Religions open War)
Be less provided for Offence than those who
Who practise Policy as well as Blows?

Rox. *Rustan*, I did not think Camps could have bred
One, whose Religion might in Temples plead
For all that Heav'n enjoys, and which resists
Rustan might lead an Army made of Priests.

Rust. They fight for th' other World, and yield up this;
Would I could lead them all to Paradise;
But, Madam, the *Hungarian* Child, to save
Contesting Armies from a publick Grave,
Should dye, if with his Death you would dispense.

Rox. I have Pity of his Innocence.

Rust. His early dying may his Soul prefer
To th' other World, and may secure us here
Those, Madam, may rejoyce who upward go;
And ought to pity us who stay below.

Rox. Ah, *Rustan*! You by fasting Vertue reach
Those Heights, of which our Priests can only preach
My Pity you correct; and then I say,
In pleading what the dead, by Death enjoy
And now, to shew I prize what you esteem,
Call in my Mutes and bid them strangle him.

Rust. 'Tis much to say it, can you mean it too?
Rox. I'll not dissemble as you *Visiers* do.

A *Vizier's* Pow'r is but subordinate,
He's but the chief Dissembler of the State;
And oft for publick Int'rest lies; but I,
The Partner of Supreme Authority,
Do ever mean the utmost that I say;
Dispatch; he's such a Saint as needs not pray.

Haly. Hold, hold

Rox. How, *Haly*, by command from you?

Haly. 'Tis but for leave that I may humbly sue.
I can less doubt the Justice of your Will,
Than that you here have Priviledge to kill;
The Greatness of his Crime none will suspect,
Because he came t' invade, what you protect;
But for that height of Trespas let him live,
Lest you should seem unable to forgive.

Achm. You only Mortal Pow'r by killing show;
But by forgiving it does Heavenly grow:
Th' Offender more your Frowns than dying fears.

Rust. To me your Anger, worse than Death appears.

Rox. Live, since my Wrath doth fear of Death transcend,
Live to continue, what thy Death will end.

[Exit Rustan bowing low. Exit Achm. another way.]

Haly. He's gone to study what Revenge can do;
But, *Madam*, 'tis more safe for us that you
Have left a *Vizier* living to complain,
Than that the *Sultan* should have found him slain.

Rox. Can you your Safety doubt whilst you are mine?

Achm. You and the Sun warm all things where you shine.

Haly. Some Flowers seem more than others to rely
On the Sun's Favour, such as with his Eye
Open and shut, and with his Noon grow strong,
We like to those may flourish, but not long.

Achm. The *Sultan* will not chide your Violence,
But make our knowing of it an Offence;
And we shall certain be of Punishment,
For knowing that which we could not prevent.

Haly. He'll on your Errors wink, as on his own,
And think them punish'd in but being known.

Enter Solym.

Achm. Our storm's already coming, would 'twere past.

Haly. Before it falls, let us to shelter haste.

[Enter Achm. Haly.]

Solym. We in our Camp want Pow'r to check your Will;
And your Pavilion is your Cittadil;
Which you with Dwarfs, and Mutes, and Eunuchs, man,
To hold out Siege against the whole *Divan*;
This Wonder I am told, if it be true,
We must leave *Buda* to beleaguer you.

Rox. I thought in gaining you I gain'd the Field,
And therefore would not to your Subjects yield.

Solym. Fortune does blush at the bold Minds of those,
Who, what is long in gaining, rashly lose.

Rox. Your *Vizier* is a most impetuous Saint;
He cannot suffer Wrong without Complaint.

Solym. You would be terrible, yet pleasant too,
And in gay Humour when you Mischief do;

Can

Can you, when full grown, be cheerful made,
With no less Sport than Death in Masquerade?
My Vizier, on whose Office I rely,
Whose Pow'r should adverse Nations terrifie;
You, for your Eunuchs, and your Dwarfs delight,
To try his Valour with Death's Vizard fright.

Rox. Had you not taught me I had never known
All Pow'r to be Phantastick, but your own.

Solym. I'll teach you now that Death's a serious thing:
Call for your Mutes, and for your little King!

Rox. What is your meaning, Sultan? Zarma, stay!

Solym. Ha! Is the doubtful whom she should obey?

Rox. You rule enough, ruling the World and me;
Pray let my Women, mine own Subjects be:

Solym. Your Subjects are not safe obeying you:

They'll make my Mutes do more than yours should do.

Rox. Your Looks are chang'd, and many Dangers there
Asssemble like black Clouds when Storms are near:

Ah, Sultan! what should Roxolana do,

If, like your Looks, your Heart were alter'd too?

Is it your Pleasure that my Women bring,

For your Diversion, Sir, the Infant King?

Solym. Your Question breeds Delay, let him be brought.

Your Women sure are Mutes, and only taught

To know your signs for what they should not do;

I'll send my Mutes to instruct them when to go.

Rox. Alas, their Fear did make them loth to move:

They fear your Anger, but I trust your Love.

{ The Women
run out.

Enter the Women with the young King.

Solym. Is this the thing that you would keep alive?

For whom the Cross does with the Crescent strive;

Nay, bring him near, his motion has a Grace;

And I perceive a Promise in his Face,

That he'll perform what he declares in Show,

If Destiny will give him leave to grow;

His Eyes do with a different Lustre move,

They threaten Vengeance, and they promise Love:

Rox. Pray look, methinks his Features are not ill——

But cruel Rustan thinks I have no Skill——

Poor Infant, none dare speak in thy Defence,

And thou want'st words to plead thy Innocence.

Solym. You are too fond, be tender of your own:

They'll quit his Company to get his Crown;

If this seem strange I'll put you out of doubt;

Zarma, go call my Mutes, they wait without.

Rox. Stay! Zarma, stay! If this, Sir, be your Doom;

Send me too where the cruel never come;

I'll bind him to me with my Arms and Hair,

Then try, Sir, if your Mutes or Viziers dare

Enforce him from the Refuge of my Breast.

Solym. Though with strange Valour you are now possess;

Yet surely, Empress, the Divan and I,

May charge with the most desp'rate Enemy:

Your

Your Heart will yield after this raging Fit.

Rox. It may e'er long, when you have broken it. *Weeps.*

Solym. Come, come! my Mutes ending an Infant's Life,
Which seems but new begun, will end our Strife.

Rox. The Light of this new kind'd Life shall shine,
Till those who put it out extinguish mine;
Your Mutes may tremble, and your Viziers too,
Knowing what I have done, and still dare do.

Solym. You will not, sure, with them and me contend.

Rox. Against th'opposing World I will defend
The Life which in Protection I receive;

Sulran, I'll do't — If you will give me leave — *Weeps.*

Solym. You, Roxolana, are the Conquerour.
What Storm is not allay'd by such a Showre?

I only try'd whether your Vertue were
Above my Anger, and your Sexes Fear:
Since over both it doth so nobly rise,
It shall be more triumphant than your Eyes.

Rox. By yielding you prevail, and your Remorse
Gains more than other Victors get by Force.

Solym. Your Showre of Tears will make my Laurels spring;
And Growth doth promise to this Infant King;
He shall applaud your gentle Victory,
For your Remorse saves him, and conquers me.

[Exeunt. The young King being led out
between Solym and Roxolana.

The

The SECOND ACT.

Enter Roxolana, Zanger, Haly, Zarma, Achmat, and Attendants to them.

Achmat. Three Christian Ladies, who from Buda come, wait for admittance in the outward room.

Rox. Sure they are sent from the Hungarian Queen. Her fears have made her restless; being them in, Zanger, your looks must now serene appear; Rustan must find no more foul weather here; He has endeavour'd to deserve his peace; Therefore your frowns must with my anger cease.

Zang. The Vizier gains so much of your esteem, That I e'er long may wish good looks from him.

Enter the Queen of Hungaria, and two Ladies attending her.

Queen. Madam, your favours have so prosper'd been, And so obliging to th' Hungarian Queen, (Still rising like your virtue and your power) That she does find the sense of it is more, Than she dares trust another to express; Therefore is now her own Embassador, That high Compassion, Madam, by which you, The Infant sav'd, has brought the Mother too; As the afflicted with Devotion run To Altars, where great Miracles are done. Rox. In this you trust my Vertue, not my power; And whilst you are oblig'd, oblige me more.

Queen. Those who at Altars blessings crave, may bring; There where they begging come, an offering; Which if they offer as a recompence For what they then implore, were an offence. But, Madam, I shall now a Present make, Of what I ought to give, and you may take Buda, for your acceptance, Madam, waits: Your virtue, by a Charm unlocks her Gates; Buda will bow to you, though it the pow'r Proudly withstood of every Conquerour; By force ne'r aw'd, nor stratagem beguil'd; Buda, the Virgin Town; which has been still'd (When every Victor courted her to yield) The Mistress of the Master of the Field.

Zang. Haly, we grow too great, Heaven make us less, Since Conquests bring such beauties to distress. Methinks my Mother should more tender grow.

Haly. You feel that pity, Sir, which she will show. Queen. I to your Vertue now a Present make Of what the Sultans Power could never take;

So much your powerful virtue does oblige,
That it doth take what he can but besiege.

Rox. Whilst thus you strive to make my virtue known,
Madam, you show a greater of your own;
And what I did, you now reward so well,
As makes the recompence the Deed excel;
Yet but a little virtue wert in me,
If I should now let yours, your ruine be.

Queen. How can my gratitude my ruine bring,

Truiling a Kingdom, where I trust a King?

Pardon me, Madam, if I come to you,

As all to Altars with self-interest do;

Hoping they mighty blessings shall receive,

For what they there in little offerings give:

I give an Infant King whom all forsake,

And of a Town besieg'd, a Present make;

But you adopting him restore a Crown,

And give a Kingdom when you take a Town.

The *Sultan* may his Armies valour spare,

You by your single virtue end the War.

Rox. Your virtue has a greater wonder wrought,

It Conquers where it but Protection sought;

Above this height, Honour can never get,

For it does Conquer, whilst it does submit.

Madam, 'tis only *Selyman* and you

Can boast they *Roxelana* did subdue;

And that your triumph may the more appear,

You in this very Camp have Conquer'd her:

But you are now my Guest, and you shall stay,

Till you at least believe that I'll repay

What you with more than gratitude have done:

Madam, I know you long to see your Son.

Zanger, attend the Queen, and let her be,

By finding your respects, assur'd of me.

[*Exeunt several ways, Zanger leading out the Queen.*]

Enter Rustan, Pyrrhus.

Rust. She o're his heart still more victorious grows,
And faster Conquers him, than he his Foes.

Pyrrh. Your dark designs are all in vapour gone,

They are but Clouds, her beauty is the Sun.

Great Fav'rites seldom their resentments hide;

Revenge shows not their anger, but their pride;

She'll be reveng'd that you her power may see.

Rust. 'Twill her least mischief seem to ruine me:

She with the wind and tide of favour flows.

Pyrrh. Row with that stream which strength cannot oppose:

Swell up her Sails with praise and flattery.

Rust. Those are low Courtships for a Soul so high;

Such common fawning she'll despise or hate,

She must be tempted with a subtler bait:

I must engage her by some bold design,

In which her Int'rest with great crimes may joyn:

The Great can never love, because too high

For that which Love allows, equality;

But

But they to those they fear will favour show,
And they fear those, who their great mischiefs know.
Knowing her guilt, I may her favour find;
Guilt next to Love, above all that does bind:
Her heightn'd mind and nature much disdain,
That *Mustapha* should over *Zanger* reign;
I can assault her only on that side,
Making her virtue vassal to her pride.

Pyrrh. Advance, Sir, this design e'r she can know;
What for her sake you have begun to do;
Honour or craft may make her else to shun
The sin design'd, which she'll applaud when done.

Rust. And, *Pyrrhus*, 'twere no little mark of skill
To make her think, when I oppos'd her will,
'Twas only that I might the *Sultan* blind,
More safely to effect what I design'd;
My faults to her shall such defects appear,
As she shall thank me that I injur'd her.

Pyrrh. If she discerns you not through your disguise,
She who has caught the *Sultan* in your prize.

Rust. I should her Friendship with, were Friendship more
Than a meer name 'twixt those who covet power;
You shall but Echo what I have begun,
To make the Father jealous of the Son.
I with the *Sultan* durst at first proceed;
Only so far as might attention breed;
Last night some words I artfully did say;
From Fame, not from my self, of *Mustapha*,
Which might the *Sultan's* jealous anger raise,
Not words of accusation; but of praise:
For nothing can old Monarchs more offend;
Than when their Successors we much commend:
I quickly found that he was loth to hear,
Therefore by pause and parcel in his ear,
Did civilly that poison, Praise, infuse,
As men unwilling seem to tell ill news.

Pyrrh. His first Disease is fixt, what can remove
The Jealousie of Empire, or of Love?

Rust. Now I that fatal Seed have sown, 'tis fit
That I attend on time to ripen it.

Pyrrh. When fancy to that fruitful weed does give
But any root, 'twill grow whilst it does live.

Enter Zanger, and Achmat, at distance from him.

Zang. Warm me, and quench me, for I freeze and burn,
And at one object both rejoice and mourn:
What mean'st thou Nature, is it bad or good,
Which makes this *April*-weather in my blood?

Achm. I fear he has with too much passion seen
The charming eyes of the *Hungarian* Queen;
I saw him gaze on her with such review,
As if he fear'd the object were not true:
So miracles are seen by faithless men,
Who stay and fain would see them o're agen.

Zang. Oh *Achmat*! something does my heart pursue:

I wander

I wander from my self, and fly from you. *[Exit]*

Achm. This, Sir, seems one of Love's great enticements.

Zang. I would I knew what 'tis nor for what 'tis;
Love to my breast hath still a stranger been, prode,
And yet that stranger may be gotten in.

Achm. Ah Prince! the secret passage of Love's flight
Is as unseen by day, as 'tis by night.

Though *Buda* should her Walls like Mountains rear;
And *Solyman* could never enter there,

No not with armed Crowds the Out-works win;
Yet Love un-arm'd would by surprise get in.

Zang. Love is a god, and cannot be withstood.

Achm. Yet he's a god only to flesh and blood;
For those whose Souls are active and sublime,

Resist his power, and so prove gods to him.

Zang. Ah! talk not of resistance of his force;
Whom nothing Conquers but his own remorse.

I rather would, if e'er he conquer'd;
Be told how first he did your heart subdue.

Achm. As quietly as day does vanish night,
I heard no noise, but saw resistless light.

Zang. He does, alas! with quick force begin;
But Oh! What does he do, when enter'd in?

Achm. My waking thoughts I still find dream'd did take;
And whilst I dreamt, I thought I was awake.

With equal view, in darkness as in light,
Ciana's Image entertain'd my sight.

If she was absent, sorrow made me pale;
If she appear'd, then blushes did prevail.

What her concern'd, did me more nearly touch;
Zang. I know too little, and I heard too much.

Oh, *Achmat*! cease and instantly retire;
Your words are more than fuel to my fire. *[Exit several ways.]*

Enter Solyman, followed by Rustan, Pyrrhus.

Soly. *Rustan* does know much more than I dare hear:
Can I a Monster breed, which I can fear?

I find suspicion a sufficient pain,
Fear is a torment which I should disdain.

He robs my heart of all the Calms of rest;
I'll tear the dire Usurper from my breast.

Rustan is full of try'd integrity,
And Servants often more than Parents see.

Pyrrh. He has more thoughts than he has skill to use.

Rust. The poison of my whisper does infuse;
Oh cursed Court! where not to be the most abused.

In sight and eminent, is to be lost;
Where still the weary by false steps must climb.

And yet their falling is esteem'd a crime.

Soly. *Rustan*, my privacy you now invade.

Rust. Sir, it is self-invasion to be sad.

Soly. Have you a Cure? you brought the malady;
I say you brought it.

Rust. Heav'n defend me! I?

Soly. Do you suspect the truth of what I said?

Rust.

Rust. Would I had been unborn, or worse than dead;
Rather than e'r have caus'd a Grief in you,
To whom the Comforts of both Worlds are due.

Solym. You talk'd to me, and took my sleep away.

Rust. Could I in Words too much my Duty pay?
'Twere better I should perish in Despair,
Than you should grieve one moment.

Solym. So it were.

Rust. Sir, you but heard what I was bound to say.

Solym. What was it that you spake of *Mustapha*?

Rust. I did with Joy acquaint you, that your Son
Nobly the Hearts of all your Army won:
Your dreaded Anger I had justly rais'd,
If I your dearest Pledge had falsely prais'd,
To sooth you with fictitious Flattery;
But *Pyrrhus* knows it true, as well as I.

Pyrrh. 'Tis true, that he is generous and good;
He will succeed by Virtue, as by Blood.

Rust. This, Sir, should cause your Joy, and not your Grief.

Solym. Canst thou believe my Pain will find Relief,
In that which shows the Justice of my Fears?
Did I in Winter Camps spend forty Years;
Out-wear the Weather, and out-face the Sun;
When the wild Herds did to their Coverts run;
Out-watch the jealous, and the Lunatick;
Out-fast the Penitential, and the Sick;
Out-wait long Patience, and out-suffer Fear;
Out-march the Pilgrim, and the Wanderer:
And there, where last years Ice was not thaw'd,
(When in thick Furs, Bears darst not look abroad)
I, with cold Armour cover'd, did maintain
Life against shoures of Arrows, and of Rain?
Have I made Towns immur'd with Mountains yield;
Sent haughty Nations blushing from the Field;
And must I, at one cast, all that forego,
For which so oft I desp'rately did throw?
They steal my Laurels to adorn my Son;
Who can but dream of Fields that I have won?

Enter Roxolana.

Rex. What valiant Pow'r can be secure from Fear,
When, *Sultran*, we your Voice of Anger hear?
Who dares that Anger raise, and hope to live?

Solym. If *Mustapha* usurps, shall I forgive?

Rex. He is your Son, and is your eldest too;
And may show Faults, which others must not do:

Nature will tell you, Sir, how far in him
You ought to pardon any gallant Crime.

Solym. Nature may yield when I my Power out-live;
For when I cannot punish, I forgive.

Rex. His Youth, Sir, has not only time to mend,
But has some Licence also to offend;
And since too apt for Errours being young,
Some may advantage take to do him wrong;
And, whilst they jealous of your Glory seem,
Assume a Priviledge to darken him.

R. I will not let him be so dark.

Solym. He courts my Armies to usurp their Love.

Rox. Can that your Jealousie to Anger move?

Their Love you purchas'd when you bravely fought;

Let him inherit what for him you bought;

They shew their Love to you in loving him.

Solym. They, loving him to soon, make Love a Crime:

He knows by study of Usurpers Arts,

That he commands their Hands who gains their Hearts:

Him whom they love, they still most worthy deem.

Rox. You have more Pow'r o'er him, than he o'er them;

He will confine that Pow'r which Love does get.

Solym. Pow'r never to it self could Limits set;

It never thinks it lives, but whilst it grows,

And what it can perform, it ever does.

Rust. Our *Sultans* have their ripe Successours sent

To some remote and quiet Government;

Why, since that Rule is safe and ancient too,

Should it, for *Mustapha*, be broke by you?

Solym. I did it out of tender Care, to breed

His Youth, and make him worthy to succeed.

Rust. But if, when popular, he does express

A slow Requital of your Tenderneſs;

Which Heav'n forbid, then you may soon remove

His Person, till you can reclaim his Love.

Rox. Sure, *Rustan*, you with too much Vigilance,

Turn to design and purpose, things of Chance;

And, over-watchful with the Eyes of Fear,

Draw little Objects, from wide Distance, near;

And see them double, whilst you seem to make

All that, which is your malice, your Mistake;

But do not fall, as a Spy, prevail,

Because a Son may in his Duty fail.

Rust. Madam, I cannot over-watchful be

In what concerns the *Sultan* more than me:

I humbly take the Privilege to ſay,

That you connive too much at *Mustapha*,

And have of late been slow and negligent,

In what your Care could not too soon prevent:

And, Madam, this perhaps you wisely do,

T' avoid Report, grown publick, though not true;

Which is, that with a Bias still you run

To follow *Zanger*, your neglected Son.

Solym. No more, these are the rising Mists that make

Those stormy Winds, that keep me still awake!

[Exit *Solym.*]

Rox. *Rustan*, you must by fresh Intelligence

Charge *Mustapha*, and with some new Offence.

Rust. Madam, I am engag'd past all retreat.

Rox. Go, and attend me when the Watch is set:

[Exit *Rustan*, *Pyrrhus*.]

These little Arts great Nature will forgive:

Dy *Mustapha*, else *Zanger* cannot live!

Pardon, oh *Solym*, thy troubl'd Wife;

Who must her Duty lose, to save a Life;

A Husband venture to preserve a Son;

Oh! that's the fatal Rock that I would shun:

For

For *Solyman* must *Mustapha* deprive,
Of that lov'd Life, by which himself does live:
And *Mustapha*, to his untimely Grave
Must hasten, that his Death may *Zanger* save.
Oh cruel Empire! that does thus ordain
Of Royal Race the youngest to be slain,
That so the eldest may securely reign;
Making th' Imperial Mother ever mourn,
For all her Infants in Succession born:
Excuse, Oh Nature, what by me is done,
If it be cruel to preserve a Son!

[Exit.

Enter *Mustapha*, *Zanger*.

Must. If it be Love, and you against it strive,
Then greater strength you to your Torment give.
Love may all Hearts under his Empire bring,
Since to resist and yield is the same thing.
Ev'n Reason's Pow'r is useless against Love,
For when he enters, Reason does remove;
And from your Force of Anger he is free,
Since none with what they love can angry be:
In vain you this unequal War abide,
When all your Aids turn to your Conqueror's side.

Zang. I do not, Sir, to Love, but Grief submit.

Must. Your Grief I know not, yet I share in it:
A Friend is Grief's Physician, and may heal
Your Pain, if you the Cause of it reveal;
But you, by hiding that which should be known,
Give me a Torment greater than your own;
And do e'en worse than when you shun Relief;
For you kill him who comes to cure your Grief.

Zang. Ah, Prince! since I the weight of Grief deplore,
You are unkind in loading me with more.

Must. But you transgress against all Friendship's Laws,
Shewing Effects, when you conceal the Cause;
When those you cannot hide, these should be told;
Those show themselves, but you must these unfold.

Zang. Your Enemy much rather than your Friend,
Shou'd tell your Grievs, which you can never end.

Must. Friendship will nothing like Reserves endure,
But loves to share in Grievs it cannot cure.

Zang. Then will I throw my vain Defence away,
And, though Obedience useless be, obey.
You know what by my Mother has been done
For the Hungarian Queen's abandoned Son.

Must. Yes, and the Deed was for her Greatness fit.

Zang. The Queen her self is come to acknowledge it:
And that her Gratitude may clearly shine,
She does strong *Buda* as a Gift resign.

Must. They may, by Vertue urg'd, for Honour strive;
But why should this make noble *Zanger* grieve?

Zang. Can Fate bring greater Grief to me or you
Than now, when the subdu'd do us subdue?
We have by Arms th' Hungarian Kingdom won,
And by their Queen in Honour are out-done;

A Crown resign'd my Mother ought to quit,
 Since she by keeping does not merit it!
 Can you my Sorrow for my Mother blame,
 Who now must lessen in her Pow'r or Fame?

Must. In such a Choice she cannot chuse amiss;
 But, *Zanger*, there is in it more than this.

Zang. Ah, Prince! much more indeed, for had you seen
 The Griefs and Beauties of the Christian Queen,
 You would have felt the trouble which I had;
 These did to Pity, those to Love persuade:
 They help'd each other to perform their part,
 Grief soft'n'd, and her Beauty seal'd my Heart;
 Through all her blacks the Lustre of her Eyes
 Shew'd like the Sun when it from Night does rise:
 But I want Words for what I should commend.

Must. How soon from liking we to Love ascend!

Zang. When the her Royal Infant did embrace,
 Her Eyes such Floods of Tears show'd on her Face,
 That then, Oh *Mustapha*! I did admire
 How so much Water sprang from so much Fire:
 And to increase the Miracle, I found

At the same time my Heart both burnt and drown'd.

Must. What you have told seems Miracles to me.

Zang. You will see greater when the Queen you see.

Must. To me no Miracle can greater prove
 Than seeing Friendship's Right resign'd to Love:
 Your Heart once lost your Friendship too must end.

Zang. Sure I may have a Mistress and a Friend.
 The Soul, dear *Mustapha*, is Friendship's part,
 And Love for his does challenge but the Heart?

Must. That's a Distinction made by court'ning Art?
 Can I your Friendship have and not your Heart?
 Such Lovers Logick is too low for you,
 What, love a Captive, and a Christian too?

Zang. How ill the Name of Captive does besit
 A Mind, that conquers when it does submit?
 Her abject Fate who would not undergo,
 That she might Vertue in such Triumph show?

Must. Though Friendship may in just persuasion fail,
 Yet, *Zanger*, your Religion should prevail.

Zang. Since Nature no Religion knows but Love,
 He that loves most, does most Religious prove:
 Religion's true Design in Love consists,
 Heav'n owns not that which States-men teach our Priests.
 I love, but when I on the Queen reflect,
 The Cause will more than justify the Effect.

Must. By seeing of your Shipwreck I'll grow wise.

Zang. How can I shipwreck'd be on Paradise?

Must. Something in your Concern I hope to do:
 Farewel; I must condemn and love you too.

[Exit *severally*.]

Enter

Enter the Cardinal with Papers in his hand, Viche, and an Hungarian Gentleman.

Card. This for the Governor with your first speed,
This for Count *Drick*, this for *Ulfine*,
These are the Bills which will be paid at sight.

Gent. Is it your pleasure I return at night?

Card. You must, and learn who of the Garrison
Form'd the revolt: be careful, and be gone.

[Exit Gentleman.]

Viche. Fortune's before you wherefor you come;
You'll happy be even out of Christendom.

Card. I shall be, if the end as the begun.

Viche. You are for *Roxelana's* darling Son.
The glorious *Zanger* has a Message sent,
Which says, he means to find you in your Tent;
He whom our Queens bright beauty did surprize.

Card. A Lover speaks at first but with his eyes;
But if he now hath found his tongue, he'll say
Something which I perhaps am to convey.

Viche. Their happy interview may raise us all:
Men may look up who to the bottom fall.

Card. My Lord, his visit seems design'd in haste,
And to receive him I'll prepare as fast.
You must not go to *Ruda*: you shall stay
And wait for our success: the Myrtle may
(Which does a forward Spring already show)
Even in a Camp where all things wither, grow:
In fables records 'twill no great wonder prove,
If we, who fell by hatred, rise by love.

[Exeunt several ways.]

Enter Mustapha and the Queen.

Must. Madam, your Fortune would malicious be,
And make your beauty your worst Enemy.
I know with reason, Madam, you depend
On *Roxelana*, as your potent Friend;
But whilst she labours to restore your Throne,
Your beauty makes a Captive of her Son;
When she does that unhappy Conquest know,
Your kind Protectress will become your Foe.
Whilst fate against your beauty does conspire,
I grieve at the perfection I admire.

Queen. Do not believe, Great Prince, your Brother will
Submit to eyes where grief inhabits still;
To eyes in which there nothing now appears
To move a heart unless it be their tears;
You but mistake his pity for his love.

Must. Thy passion, *Zanger*, why did I reprove?
Madam, where grief and beauty so excel,
Pity and love may both together dwell;
They both are but his duties sacrifice,
This to your fate is due, that to your eyes.

[Aside.]

Queen. Your Virtue which does thus my fate lament,
May all the malice of that fate prevent;
Conqu'ring a fortune so perverse as mine,
Will make you brighter than in Battel shine.

Must. Oh Heav'n! I feel my own subjection near,
Even then when she would have me rescue her.

Queen. Fortune in this has made her last assault,
She'd have me bear what is alone her fault,
And make the Empress think that I design
What cannot be her trouble more than mine.
Believe me, Gen'rous *Mustapha*, these eyes
Which made the last *Hungarian* King their prize,
Deserve more grief than to his Urn they pay,
When they do ought but weep themselves away.

Must. Whilst they shin'd out, who could resist their pow'r,
Which, through griefs clouds, crowns you a Conquerour?

Queen. Your Brother, when his passion seeks relief,
May owe his Care to reason and my grief;
It will a blemish to his Vertue be,
If he with fortune join to ruine me;
And *Roxolana's* Fame he much neglects,
In making her destroy whom she protects.
This you may tell him, Sir, and tell him too,
I had not sent him Counsel but by you.

Must. How, Madam, with your Counsel can you trust
One whom already you have made unjust?
For I shall give to *Zanger*, for your sake,
Counsel which I my self can never take.

Queen. Were you unjust when you did well express
The danger I incurr'd by his address,
And counsell'd me t' advise him to refrain
From love, which would his Mothers hatred gain?
The Counsel is not alter'd, but the fame.

Must. But I am alter'd since I hither came.
Queen. It is not fit you should be understood,
I know you cannot change from what is good;
My case with pity should your heart inspire.

Must. Ah! who can pity what he does admire?
Your pity to my case is rather due:
How can I give that which I need from you?
Madam, I but in vain strive to conceal
A passion which my vanquish'd eyes reveal;
Instruct me how my self I should reclaim,
Before I *Zanger* for his passion blame,
Or rather teach us both how to endure
That wound, which you declare you cannot cure;
And do not trust our reason to forbear
A love, which reason does invite us to.

Queen. Oh Heav'n! in what wild Ocean am I lost?
The Tempest rises and I see no Coast.

Must. *Zanger*, not you, may tax me of a crime;
I came to counsel you from love of him;
But you, when you avoid my love, prevent
All he could wish me for a punishment;
Your int'rest brought me here to keep you free
From such a love as might your ruine be.
Let me, when gone, at least your pity have,
Dying for you whom I did come to save.

Queen. You cannot be so cruel as you seem;
Why do you break that heart which you esteem?

Leave

Leave me, you must not love, and should not hate
One cruel made by rigour of her fate

Must. You should not of your destiny complain
You are depos'd but with more power to reign

Queen. Fate of this little beauty took a care,
Only by that to heighten my despair.

Since you resolve to stay, I must be gone
True grief endures not any looker on;

And mine I feel to such a height do rise,
That 'twill I hope revenge me of my eyes.

Must. She is as tyrannous as the winds,
Born to breed love, and to breed despair;

I did lament her fortune, but I see
One much more cruel is reserv'd for me.

Can *Zanger*, for my love, my Friendship blame,
When the same fire does us alike inflame?

My weakness cannot forsake his Rome
Since I but yield to that which conquers him;

To love whom he first lov'd, can be no more
Than if I hate whom he did hate before.

The THIRD ACT

Enter Mustapha, Rustan, Pyrrhus.

Rust. TIS, Sir, the *Sultan's* will to have it so
Must. You've said, Sir, and to-morrow must I go

The order is severe, and I am sent
Not to a fair retreat, but banishment.

My memory is ill if I have done
Ought that should make a Father hate a Son.

Rust. Great Sir, take heed lest you his kindness blame,
He sends you not to exile, but to fame;

His *Asian* Armies will be led by you:
Whilst he the West, you must the East subdue;

Since for high valour and for conduct too,
The publick voice allows that each of you

Is for the spacious Worlds whole Conquest fit,
Why here should both subdue but part of it?

Must. You hold me up too high when I am prais'd,
I like a *Meteor* waste by being rais'd;

I am already by my Friends undone,
Praising the little Battels I have won;

And I the *Persians* should subdue in vain,
Losing a Father when I *Persia* gain.

Pyrrh. Your Father this distemper should approve,
Since you but jealous are of him you love.

Rust. If his displeasure hastens you away,
Do not increase it by desire to stay;

Or if his jealous love sent this command,
Yet do not inconvenient love withstand.

Pyrrh. Which way soever you consider it,
You should approve his orders and submit.

Must.

Must. I'm debter to you both, have me a while
That I may grief and duty reconcile.

Rust. You'll be defended against all offence,
Adding but patience to your innocence.

Enter Zanger, observing himself.

Must. Fortune did never in our day design
For any heart, four torments great as mine:
I to my Friend and Brother Ryzanah
She, who did kindle, would put out my flame;
I from my Fathers anger must remove,
And that does banish me from her love;
If, of these Four, the least a burden be,
Oh how shall I support the other three?

Zang. Can my dear *Mustapha* grief admit
And not let *Zanger* know the cause of it?

Must. I having *Zanger's* Friendship, how could I
Destroy my peace but by my Fathers hate?
Time does too long with the afflicted last,
But now in my affliction moves too fast.

To morrow from to day will quickly grow,
And I to morrow must coward grow,
Unless your pow'r with *Raxalana* can
Revoke the order sent by *Solyman*.

Zang. Depart to morrow I do, let time run on,
My Mother stays, and you are yet not gone.

Sir, are you not of *Zanger's* Friendship sure?
And can you mourn for this which he may cure?

But why do you aloud your grief deplore,
When I am silent, though I suffer more?

If by your Foes you are to Syria sent,
You'll there in Armies gain by Banishment.

Persia, not you; the event of this should fear,
Since by that hatred which does send you there,

You will prevail as Victor of the field,
But Love stays me, where like his slave I yield.

Must. The highest glory conquest can bestow
I would not purchase by my leaving you.

Zang. To any Deity, but Love, men come
With open glory to their Martyrdom;

But I must perish and conceal my name,
As if to be his Martyr were a shame.

Must. Yet no affliction, *Zanger*, can transcend
The grief of being banish'd from a Friend.

Zang. My grief much greater is, whilst I remain
Near her I love, and am not lov'd again.

Oh my dear *Mustapha*! when you have seen
The Tears and Beauties of th' *Hunjanian* Queen;

Her Tears forbidding whom her Eyes invite,
Whilst she appears the joy and grief of sight;

Whilst empty hope does rise but to decline;
Then you will think your sorrows less than mine.

Must. Alas! you saw not more than I did see,
She who did conquer you, has conquer'd me.

And

And now I may my grief to you prefer,
Since I am banish'd both from you and her.

Zang. Ha! did you see her, Sir, and see her so,
That from my Friend you did my Rival grow?
You made your visit in a fatal hour.

Muss. You know her eyes, and can you doubt their power?
In blaming me you will detract from them;
As those who do the conquer'd much condemn,
Do then disparage him who overcame;
Since all may yield to Worthies without shame.

Nose could her force resist, and how could I
Then chafe but yield? for none can from her flye.

Zang. Though we but seldom the subdu'd condemn;
When we the Victors conduct much esteem;
Yet they are less excus'd if they did know,
From others harms, the forces of the Foe.

Muss. If, *Zanger*, freedom of confession may
The anger due to an offence allay,
Then I acknowledge I my visit made,
That from your Love I might the Queen dissuade;
Yet 'twas in fear, lest whilst you did pursue
Your Love, your Mother might abandon you:
But if you had beheld that breaking light,
Which like a sudden dawn surpriz'd my sight,
Love would have seem'd 'gainst Friendship a less sin,
Than not to love against her eyes had been;
I struggl'd much e're I his Fetters wore;

But that resistance shew'd her power the more;
And where resistance could not conquest stay,
It was discretion quickly to obey.

Zang. Yet we may just to one another prove;
You are the Heir to Empire, I to Love;
You as the Eldest may the Scepter bear,
You first the World did see, I first saw her;
And as I no invasion would design
Against your right, so you should leave me mine.

Muss. If by meer sight we may possession take,
How vain is that long Love which Lovers make?
None but the sleepy can their fortune doubt;
Men need but rise betimes and look about;
But he must be by merits claim possess,
And he who loves her most, deserves her best.

Zang. Deserves her! This all injuries exceeds;
Her, by your words you wrong, me by your deeds;
He of her Love unworthy does appear,
Who does but think that he can merit her;
It may of her, ev'n as of Heaven be said,
Which, though attain'd, is never merited;
If loving her can any merit be,
Who is the Man that dares contend with me?

Muss. I am the Man who silence all that boast
How much they love; for I love more and most;
And will not such a wretched Lover be,
As meerly to depend on courtesie.
He who declares that he no merit has,
Then when he loves, does heedlessly disgrace

Her

Her whom he thinks he highly does prefer,
By saying, that no Love can merit her;
As if her Vertue could not soon improve
To her own value all that dare make Love.
Love makes both Sexes equal and but one;
A Cottage-Lover may deserve a Throne.
Love is, like Valour, still improv'd by praise:
And whilst I thus Love's merit highly raise,
I would not the reward of it destroy;
The beauty whom I love I must enjoy.

Zang. Did ever Love assume a shape like this?
Or Passion talk with such an Emphasis?
Your sence of Banishment does dangerous grow,
It sends your reason from you e'r you go.

Musi. Zanger, you may my banishment approve,
Because my absence may promote your Love.

Zang. Affliction makes men wise, but seldom rain:
You fear your absence more than her disdain,
The Empress strait still in your cause appear,
And get you License to continue here;
And since you height of Love as merit boast,
Make good your claim by daring to love most.

Musi. What destiny ordain'd me to contend
Against so brave a Rival and a Friend?
And yet my passion I must still pursue:
Let Love which makes my fault, excuse it too. *[Exeunt several wings.]*

Enter Solyman, Rustan, Pyrrhus.

Soly. Were my Commands with such surprize receiv'd?

Pyrrb. He seem'd as much amaz'd as he was griev'd.

Rust. Wonder and grief did his condition fit,

Though each did seem to th' other opposite;

Wonder inferr'd he knew not his offence,

But so much grief disgrac'd his innocence.

Pyrrb. Yet grieving for a punishment from you,
He does but pay that sorrow which is due.

Rust. When your dislike does up to anger climb;
You reach too high for an intended crime;
Such grief as his no fiction could admit.

Soly. I may believe he did not counterfeit;
For having on my stage begun his part,
I call'd him off e'r he could show his Art.

Rust. Can he who is so highly born and bred,
Walk under ground, and be by Traytors led?

Soly. From harmless Child-hood I with tender care
Did breed him up to all the harms of War;
I taught him, that unguarded Innocence
Serv'd but to tempt the powerful to offence;
That none are safe from wrongs, but when so strong
As always to be able to do wrong;
That only valour is true faith, and those
Do most trust Heav'n who always life expose;
I taught him Vertue, and to love her so
As tame Philosophers durst never do;
Enduring for her sake the pangs of power,
And all the toyls that make a Conquerour:

For none but Chiefs who firmly these endure,
Can reach such pow'r as may the good secure:
I taught him such a greatness as might befall
From all the yokes of Subjects counsel free:
None but our Prophet Empire understood,
Which, when 'tis bounded, ceases to be good:
His Sword did two Usurping Saints devour,
Forbidding ev'n the Saints to share his power:
He blest Heav'n's King who Monarchy first made,
And prais'd him cause he no companion had:
All this I taught my Son; but when we give
Our young Successours counsel how to live,
They are in haste, thinking we do them wrong,
And we their lives mis-spent when we live long.

Enter Roxolana

Rox. Forgive me, *Sultan*, if I boldly sue
In Nature's cause between your Son and you:
Those orders which to *Mustapha* you sent,
His filial kindness takes for Banishment.
When you your Successours so far remove,
Reason may make him jealous of your Love:
I'll answer for the kindness of his grief,
And you'll want pity if he wants relief.

Sely. Alas! 'tis far above a Woman's art
To reach the height of an aspiring heart:
He who by craft, my Armies love procures,
Can never want the cunning to gain yours.

Rox. Seduce your Armies, love: no humble skill
Can do it, and, I hope, he wants the will.

Sely. The Nations whom I lead will not soon change,
If they, like other Nations long for change:
For men of what they have soon weary grow,
When they the utmost value of it know:
And long to change plain things, which they possess,
For that which hope does gild with promises.

Rox. Be to your self and to your Army just:
You should their love and your own merit trust.
Prodigious jealousy, how can it flourish
And spring to such a height without a root?

Sely. It may a while be hidden from your eye:
For roots are deepest where the trees are high.
Russian and *Pyrrhus* can direct your sight,
But they a Curtain draw before the light.

Rox. Perhaps they find what they are loth to see:
Vertue in others may offensive be
To some, who when it is to lustre grown,
Are jealous that it may Eclipse their own.

Sultan, no Certain can be drawn so wide,
That it the Sun can from the people hide:
The World is full of *Mustapha's* renown.

Rust. Yet we offend in telling what is known.

Rox. You injure him whose Vertues you conceal.

Rust. We need not shew what does it self reveal.

Sely. Tax them not that they his Vertue hide,
But they conceal the danger of his pride:
Pursue of glory is too soon begun.

Rox. None blame the early rising of the Sun,

Nor

Nor wish for Clouds his lustre to disgrace.

Soly. But if he shines too fully in my face,

I'll draw a Curtain and his lustre hide;

His glory shall not make me turn aside.

The shining *Mulapha* must change his Sphere;

He threatens me worse than a Comet here.

Rox. Can *Solyman* by those forsaken be

Whom he so often led to Victory?

Soly. They by the many Battels I have won,

Think all the stock of my success is gone:

Though fortune often grac'd me in the field,

And many favours hung upon my shield;

Yet now cold looks men to my winter bring,

Whilst they rejoyce at my Successors spring:

Fortune they think is to his youth in debt,

And what she pays to him they hope to get.

Rox. Though glory may a while his youth mis-guide,

Yet he has duty to correct his pride.

Nature does give him counsel against this.

Soly. Pride is more natural than duty is;

Duty is only taught by care and Art,

Pride is by Nature planted in the heart:

He who to Empire hastily aspires,

Is only counsell'd by his own desires;

And thinks all crimes which help him to a Crown,

Are then absolv'd when he does put it on.

Rox. I fear you have discover'd more than I

Discern'd, who on your judgment must rely;

Therefore, in care of you, I beg he may

For a few days have liberty to stay:

That licence is to narrow time confin'd;

If he has any publick crime design'd,

He must by many hands assist be:

Crouds are inconstant and want secrecy:

If guilty, why should you his death delay?

If innocent, he then may safely stay:

Your anger ought to kill where it does touch;

His Exile is too little or too much.

Pyrrh. When in few days this secret shall look out,

Punish his crime, or else suppress his doubt.

Rust. Be pleas'd to allow what th' Empress does advise,

And seem to wink, whilst we employ our Spies;

Your doubts will just appear, or quickly cease,

Excuse your anger, or restore your peace:

Let not the Prince, whilst thus suspected lie

Beyond the reach and terrour of your eye.

Soly. Go, I'll consider e'r I change his doom;

I'll reckon what is past, and what may come.

Oh *Roxolana*! Fate in vain bestows

Continual Conquests o'r my open Foes;

Whilst it a tumult raises in my brest,

Fiercer than all those Wars I have suppress.

Justice perswades what Nature fain would shun.

Pity a Father who must hate his Son.

{ *Exeunt* Rustan,
Pyrrhus.

[*Exeunt*.

Enter

of MUSTAPHA.

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Enter the Queen and Zangher.

Zang. He who can all his Love contain in words,
Has such a Heart as little Love affords.

Queen. He has too much for those who none return:
You know my Sorrow, and for whom I mourn:
From such a guilty Person you should fly,
As does the Duty want by Grief to dy.

Zang. I would not in my Wishes covet more
Than to change Fates with him whom you deplore:
You crown'd him with your Love when he did live,
And to his Death your Life in Sorrow give.
But, Madam, why will you so highly grieve,
For one more happy dead than I who live?
You are, in this, unjust than your Fate,
Waiting your Sorrows on the fortunate.
Heav'n did his Death design to make it known
That you a Blessing are too great for one.
The Christian World did to your Beauty bow,
Which o'er our larger World must govern now.

Queen. In Pity and in Prudence, Sir, forbear,
To speak what my Discretion should not bear.

Zang. Lovers high Thoughts to Wonders are inclin'd,
And boundless Thoughts sure not with Speech confin'd.
I wonder much how he, whom you bemoan,
Having your Love, could not defend your Throne;
And how by any Force he was suppress'd,
Whilst with the assistance of your favour blest.
But, Madam, now his Losses you repair,
For you revenge all his Defeats in War:
Fate did deny his Sword Success in Fight,
Only by that to do your Beauty right.

Queen. Your raising me by your depressing him,
May find my Hatred seeking my Esteem.

Enter Mustapha.

Zang. Ha! Pemploy'd my Mother for his stay,
And Rival-like he hastens me away;
But I'm past hope, and need no Rival fear.

Must. This Visit without leave may rude appear:
Yet, Madam, when you shall vouchsafe to know,
That I to morrow must tow'rd Syria go;
Th'Opinion of my Rudeness you'll re-call:
I must attend you now, or not at all.
Think on a Lover's Sorrow, who removes
From seeing and from serving what he loves;
Whilst he suspects those Blessings are design'd
For a more happy Rival left behind;
Do but allow your Pity to allow
That Sorrow which your Love might take away.

Zang. Madam, if this Request succeed,
Then I shall need your Pity more than he:
I am destroy'd if this be not deny'd,
For Pity is to Love too near ally'd.
Love's Wounds are safe when of your Pity cure,
The Wounds you pity you desire to cure.

Must. Your Love does make you cruel when you plead
Against that Pity which your Friend does need.

V

Zang.

Zang. Your Love in high Injustice does delight,
Pleading to get your Friend's and Brother's Right.

Must. You have declar'd that Love no Right can show
But what a Mistress freely does bestow.

Zang. As of the fair new World he claim'd a Right,
Who chanc'd to have it first within his sight;
So, since to me she did the first appear,
I claim the Right of a Discoverer.

Must. The first Discoverer only saw the Shore;
The second claim'd possession seeing more.

In your first seeing, and then loving her,
The Favour of your Fortune did appear,
Not greatness of your Love; for all, like you,
Having but Eyes to see, would love her too.

You but the Beauty of her Face did find;
I made the rich Discover'y of her Mind.

You of the Borders of *Elizium* boast,
Her Mind is all the Inland to that Coast.

I by a second Voyage finding more
Of Beauty than was ever found before;

More in it to be lov'd and worshipp'd too,
Must therefore love her more than you can do.

Zang. Among the Priests of Love there Casuists be,
Who Love's Religion vex with Sophistry;

But I for Sacrifice bring such a Heart
As Nature offers in Disdain of Art.

Queen. Princes, no more. You both but vainly strive
To be posses'd of what I should not give;

That which I should not give, you should not take,
Nor prize my Love when Duty I forsake;

It is in me Impiety to stay.
Detain not whom the dead does call away.

[She offers to go out, Zanger stays behind]

Zang. Stay, Madam, when the Clouds of Grief are gone,
Which cannot darken long so bright a Sun,

Let Zanger in his Love so happy be
That none may happier prove in yours than he:

If you to any other's Suit incline,
Then my Successour's Love disgraces mine.

This is not Envy, but does rather shew
I prize my Love because 'tis giv'n to you.

Must. True Friendship, Madam, cannot yield to this;
If you reject my Love, accept of his;

Next to your Love the Blessing I would chuse.
Is, that my Friend may gain what I must lose.

Zang. I am amaz'd at what you seem to do;
Let me not bear Love's Wounds and Friendships too.

Must. Only those Lovers should be counted true
Who Beauty's Int'rest, not their own pursue;

Who nobly would, when by their Fortune cross'd,
Have others get what to themselves is lost.

None, but the Fiends, can with Heav'n's empty were,
Because they cannot get possession there.

Zang. This Gallantry does reconcile in you
The utmost of Revenge and Friendship too;

Revenge appears most sensible and high
In placing Favours on an Enemy.

Forgive

Forgive me if that Style I undergo;
He who a Rival is, is then a Foe.
Friendship till now did ne'er so high ascend
As to endure a Rival in a Friend.
In one bright Sphere we may together move,
Whilst you excel in Friendship, I in Love.
But having paid what to my Love was due,
Let me discharge my Debt of Friendship too.
Madam, I thus would expiate my Crime;
That which he begg'd for me I beg for him.
Tracing his Steps how can I surer tread?
I'll follow Virtue which I should have led.

Queen. This which you Beauty call so much offends,
When it does Rivals make of two such Friends,
That I, by drowning it, will give Relief
To your unequal'd Friendship and my Grief.

[*She weeps.*]

Zang. Against that Beauty why should you repine
Which makes our Friendship with such Lustre shine?

Must. You wrong the World when you your Beauty wrong;
That and the Sun to all the World belong.

Queen. My Grief is greater than I should endure;
I'll fly from Wounds I make and cannot cure.

Must. Oh, Zanger, look not after her so long!
Through all her Clouds her Lustre is too strong.

Zang. As Courage of weak Towns, in their Defence
Against strong Armies, is held insolence,
So I, resisting Fate in this Assault,
May make ev'n Fortune become a Fault.

Enter Achmet, and whispers Zanger.

Achm. The Empress, Sir, commanded me to say
She has prevail'd, and *Mustapha* shall stay.

Zang. Leave us, we shall her Pleasure strait attend.

[*Exit Achmet.*]

Must. What froward Message does my Fortune send?

Zang. Sir, you are timely eas'd of half your Fear.
My Mother says that you shall tarry here.
Since I have this procur'd, you may allow
Your self to think that I will keep my Vow.
I have in Friendship vow'd not to survive
The fatal Day on which you cease to live.
And 'tis a work more difficult and high
To help a Rival, than it is to die.

Must. I know you'll keep your Vow; and I some sign
Have giv'n that I shall faithful prove to mine.
I vow'd, if by Succession I should gain
Th' Imperial Sceptre, you should with me reign.
And since in Love's nice Interest I comply
(Whose Empire is secur'd by Jealousy,
And where each Lover strives to rule alone)
I can admit a Rival on my Throne.

Enter Thuriem, Viche, Cleora. [*They embrace, Exit.*]

Viche. Ha! Will she leave the Camp? who can prepare
Counsel for Changes which so sudden are?

Thur. My Lord, her Resolution must seem strange;
But, as 'tis sudden, so it soon may change.

She

She did by me a second Offer make;
Urging the Empress instantly to take.

The Keys of *Buda*, our revolting Town;
Hoping by quitting that to keep the Crown.

Victe. What was the answer which the Empress made?

Thur. She summon'd all the Glory that she had;
Then said, she would not from the Queen receive
A Present, till she could a greater give.
And then declar'd, her *Sultan* sought and must
Esteem that Faith which did his Honour trust;
That he by Conquest should proceed no more;
And what his Glory took it should restore.

Enter Cardinal and Queen

Cleora. The Cardinal seems thoughtful, and the Queen
Does feel more Sorrow than she would have seem'd.

[Exit Thauricus, Victe, Cleora.]

Card. But when pursu'd will you from Refuge run,
And Sanctuaries shut against your Son?
Your Infant, whilst from proffer'd Love you fly,
Must meet the Hatred of your Enemy.
Rustan has long your Royal House abhorr'd;
And he is now to former Pow'r restor'd:
The storm which from the Empress he endur'd
Has his Foundation try'd, and strength secur'd.

Queen. When you the Princess proffer'd Love commend,
You seem to Empire, not to me, a friend;
And when your King I in his Grave forsake,
I lose more Love than you would have me take.

Card. Be taught by Nature; she strikes the Dead;
Your precious Tears you but on Ashes shed,
Which now an Urn keeps sacred; but they must
By wand'ring Winds be blown with common Dust.
Nature does turn her Looks from Death's ill Face;
Where Ruine does not Nature's strength disgrace,
But by the slightness of Man's Fabrick shows
(Which time ev'n with a Touch soon overthrows)
That she made Flow'rs intending they should fade;
And Mourners erre when Nature they upbraid.

It is at once Idolatry and Pride
To place on Altars what she throws aside.
Love only to the Living does belong;
Loving the Dead you all the Living wrong.
And both betray and lose Love's last'rest when
You love the Dead, who cannot love again.

Queen. But is there to the Dead no Sorrow due?

Card. What useful is grows only fit for you.
Grieve not for one made useless being gone;
But favour those who may restore your Throne.

Queen. Since both the Princess do alike pretend,
Which to my Favour will you most commend?
If I must love, and shall be taught by you,
I cannot, sure, be counsel'd to love two.

Card. But you may favour both, and may disguise
Or shew your Love as Int'rest shall advise.

Queen. I cannot Int'rest by such Arts improve,
Seeming to favour whom I do not love.

Nor with two Faces severally invite,
From both what I in neither can requite.

Card. Yet do not both for want of loving lose;
But suddenly consider which to chuse.
In gaining *Zanger* you the Emperess gain;
But *Mustapha* must by Succession reign.

Queen. Each is sufficient to restore my Throne.

But, whilst for Empire you are studious grown,
You nothing for the other World prepare.
My Lord, take Heav'n a little in your care.

How can I ought of love from Princes hear,
Who scorn those Altars where I kneel with fear?

Card. They their Religion did by Conquest make;
And will no Rules but from their Conquerors take.

If they, till taught, can never arith discern,
They must be conquer'd to be made to learn.

And since no Power but Love can them subdue,
Madam, they must be overcome by you.

But she who will o'come in Love's fair field,
Must by her yielding make her Lover yield.

Queen. My Lord, your Purple Robe has studd well,
Must I this way convert an Infidel?

Card. Love is persuasive and will soonest teach;
Queen. They both can to the top of Empire reach,

But cannot soar to our Religions height.
Card. By trusting *Mustapha* you'll teach him Faith.

Clara. My Lord, Prince *Mustapha* is in your Tent.
Card. Madam, my thoughts are with true duty bent

To serve your Throne. Do not kind Fortune lose
When she presents you two great Lot's to chuse.

Queen. Without a Clue I'm in a Labyrinth lost.
Card. My Lord, my thoughts are with true duty bent

And where even Hope is of her Eyes bereft
With Noble *Zanger*, *Mustapha* contends,

They strive as Rivals, and they yield as Friends.
I injure one if I the other chuse,

And keeping either I the *Salran* lose.
Flying from both I from my refuge run;

And by my staying shall destroy my Son.
Them for their false Religion I eschew,

Though I have found their virtue ever true.
And when Religion sends my thoughts above,

This *Card'nal* calls them down and talks of Love.
And simple Love (which does a little know

State-int'rest as Religion ought to do)
He would, bold with ambition, lead through all

The dark and crooked walks where Serpents crawl.
His Priests to what he counsels gravely bow;

Whilst other Priests condemn what those allow.
Those would by Pious craft restore our loss;

These scorn the Crescent should redeem the Cross,
Zeal against Policy maintains debate;

Heav'n gets the better now, and now the State,
The Learned do by turns the Learn'd confute,

Yet all depart unalter'd by dispute.

The Priestly Office cannot be deny'd;
It wears Heav'n's Liv'ry, and is made our Guide.
But why should we be punish'd if we stray,
When all our Guides dispute which is the way?

[Exit.]

The FOURTH ACT.

Enter Queen, and Cleora.

Queen. Dispatch, *Cleora*, lest we should be seen.
Lay my disguise beneath the Couch within.

You should have sent to call the Cardinal:
I have forgot my Letters. Burn them all.
Here, take the Key! make up my Jewels strait:
You shall attend me at the Eastern Gate:
But burn my Letters in the inner Tent.

Cleora. I fear you will this haste too soon repent.

Queen. Fortune, with thy distempers I must strive;
And from a crime will not my cure derive.
Those who by policy their actions steer,
Faint when they faults as well as losses bear;
But those who on firm virtue still rely,
May boldly perish when they guiltless die.

Cleora. I were want of necessary Faith in me
To think your virtue can successfully be:
All your commands I'll instantly obey.

Queen. Our flight, *Cleora*, cannot brook delay;
Nor can I any pause to fear allow.

Enter Roxolana.

Rox. You were my Guest, but are my Pris'ner now:
Do you not tremble seeing me appear?

Queen. None but the guilty should have sense of fear.

Rox. Dismiss *Cleora*! we must be alone
To reckon both what I and you have done.

Queen. Retire! Th' intentions of my flight are all
Betray'd by her, or by the Cardinal.

[Exit Cleora.]

Rox. To make the Audit of my actions true,
I'll briefly take their Register from you.

Did I not struggle in your Sons defence,
When with no Armour but his innocence,
The rescue of his Crown I undertook,
Whom all his Nation, being arm'd, forsook?

Queen. Madam, of what you did this is the least.

Rox. No Bird, new flogg'd, and frighted from his Nest,
Could, more than he, be of his home bereft.

Or more to Nature's casual mercy left.

Did I not boldly his weak cause maintain

Against the *Vizier* and the whole *Diyar*?

Though from their number I did need defence?

For number has a prosp'rous impudence,

Which

Which more prevails in Courts than in the Field,
Making by clamour single Fav'rites yield.

And I was forc'd, when charg'd by the *Divan*,
To my last strength, the love of *Solyman*.

Queen. Your Enemies could not but many be,
You having then all that were so to me.

Rex. When, without leave, you did adventure here,
And, by the right of War, my Pris'ner were,
Did I not then my favours so extend,

That you became no Pris'ner but my Friend?

When *Buda* you did offer to resign,

Did I not constantly the gift decline,

And in your cause the *Sultan* did implore,

That what his Sword had gain'd he would restore?

Queen. All bounties, Madam, must to yours submit,
Which nothing equals but my sense of it.

Rex. Having confest my allegations true,
Mark what returns has since been made by you.

For more than hope of what you wisht to be,

For your protection and your liberty,

For all I did, and purpos'd to have done,

You, in requital, have enslav'd my Son.

A Son, who never yet my will controul'd,

Till he your fatal beauty did behold:

But now, with that enchanted, is no more

By his own reason rul'd, nor by my pow'r.

What my designs have built, you have o'rthrown:

And I, in *Zanger's* ruine, feel my own.

My patience has not strength for this assault.

Queen. Oh do not make my misery my fault.

You now confirm all my Prophetick fears;

I did employ my Reason, Prayers and Tears,

To make the Prince his Fatal Love decline;

I knew you would resent his fault as mine:

But I, alas! found my dissuasions vain.

Rex. Why did you not betimes to me complain?

Queen. Who to a Mother could accuse a Son,

Or lead you to that grief which you would shun?

When I perceiv'd his Love was fixt so sure,

That 'twas above my Tears and Reasons cure,

I did resolve in a disguise to flie

Where I unknown might in a Cloister die.

And, lest you might suspect what I design'd,

This Letter I did mean to leave behind.

Which begs your pardon, and informs you too

My flight was but in thankfulness to you.

Nor can I doubt your mercy to my Son,

When I, to keep your love, from *Zanger's* run

[Gives her a Letter.

Rex. In taxing you, who now so just appear,

I am more guilty than I thought you were.

Nor can you your revenge more cruel make

Than when you shew the guilt of my mistake.

Queen. Of what is past you shew too great a sense;

The reparation does exceed th' offence.

Agas you'll wound me if you treat me so;

I only meant my innocence to shew;

You,

You, seeing that, make me obtain my end.

Rox. You must my pardon seal, and be my Friend.

And that I may deserve what I request,

I'll lodge my greatest secret in your breast.

I know you will be ever kind and just.

Queen. No obligation binds so much as trust.

Rox. The Friendship plac'd by my unhappy Son

On *Mustapha*, is not to you unknown.

Queen. To that high Friendship I no stranger am:

A nobler never yet was told by Fame.

Rox. Ah Queen! from that dire Friendship I receive

The deepest wound which Fate did ever give.

You know the bloody custom of this Crown;

Nought out the *Sultan's* Life secures my Son.

For when the Eldest does the Throne enjoy,

He must the Younger by our Laws destroy.

Queen. That custom he by Friendship will reclaim.

Rox. Friendship, to Love and Pow'r, seems but a name.

Though *Mustapha* has Virtue and Renown

Fit to possess and dignifie a Crown:

(For never yet did any *Sultan's* Son

Perform and promise more than he has done)

Yet when he shall th' Imperial Scepter bear,

He must become my *Zanger's* Murderer.

For that is made a righteous Law by time,

Which Law at first did judge the highest Crime.

Queen. Pow'r's private safety is the publick good.

It lives in health by letting others blood.

Rox. The *Sultan's* love gives me a pow'r so high

That I to this could give a remedy.

If *Zanger* did not secret Friendship pay,

Even with Religious Rites, to *Mustapha*.

All my designs fond *Zanger* does oppose.

Who saving *Mustapha* himself will lose.

Queen. Your Fate against your Virtue does conspire.

Rox. Alas I must destroy what I admire.

In this attempt I shall your aid implore:

And since your beauty they do both adore,

You must love *Mustapha*, and slight my Son;

Despair may do what reason should have done:

For Friendship never yet could climb above

The high resentments of neglected love.

Queen. Madam, the weight you on my bosom lay

I cannot bear, nor your commands obey.

Prince *Mustapha* my love can never have;

My King and Love are bury'd in one Grave.

Rox. If *Mustapha* cannot your love obtain,

It may suffice when you affection seign.

Queen. But honour, Madam, quickly will forget,

And lose it self whilst it does counterfeit;

As men a little us'd to speak untrue,

The just remembrance lose of what they knew,

Till their first shapes grow to themselves unknown.

Rox. Can this be said by you who wear a Crown?

When

When from your Heart your Looks do different shew,
Love does but change the Weather of your Brow,
Which should no more a constant meaning bear,
Than th' outward Face of Heav'n should still be clear.
The Great should in their Thrones mysterious be,
Dissembling is no worse than Mystery;
Obscurity is that which Terror moves;
The Gods most awful seem'd in shady Groves,
And our wise Prophet's Text a Rev'rence bears,
Where it is hard and needs Interpreters.

Queen. I ever was without dissembling bred,
And in my open Brow my Thoughts were read:
None but the guilty keep themselves unknown.

Rex. No wonder we so soon subdu'd your Throne;
When wise Dissimulation, which should guard
Chief Pow'r, and make th' approaches to it hard,
Was banish'd from your Court to Rebel-states;
To Conclaves, Councils, and small Magistrates;
These stronger grow than Monarchs who refuse
The close false-Armour which their Subjects use.

Queen. Madam, you teach what Christians are not taught;
And seem to soar as high in flights of thought
As now your Empire wide in compass swells.

Rex. Sure Christian Kings live not in Courts but Cells:
That is Un-courtly, ill-bred Innocence,
Which cannot with dissembled Love dispence:
You must dissemble Love to *Mustapha*,
And make him think by what you often say,
That you for Love can moorn and languish too.

Queen. Madam, I shall need counsel what to do.

Rex. How, Madam? you may counsel take of me,
But should from Subjects counsel still be free.
We, but in asking it from Subjects, give
Much more of Value than we can receive.
We give our Secrets to them, which, when known,
May make their Interest greater than our own:
By counsel Men perswade or else direct;
Direction like appointment we suspect:
And e'en Perswasion does the Throne invade:
For Slaves may govern whom they can perswade:
Advise your self, and holdly then proceed;
Counsel must yield to Courage and to Speed.

Queen. When I shall counsel ask, I'll none reveal;
I can advise my self what to conceal.

Rex. I'll press you now no farther, but retire.
Madam, improve what Honour shall inspire.
If that which I request may not be done,
You ruine me, and Zanger, and your Son:
But e'er I go, assure me of your Ray.

Queen. In this, because I can, I will obey. [Exit: Roxolara.]
No Fortune aims at more than she can do:
She takes my Crown, then tempts my Vertue too.
I am for *Mustapha's* true Love in debt,
Which I will never pay with Counterfeit.

Enter Cardinal.
Card. Madam, last night I did advise your Rays,
Now I come to hasten you away.

Y

Time

Time has been active since I saw you last.

Queen. Shall I trust Councils which can change so fast?

Card. By various ways we may our end pursue.
Councils should alter as their causes do.

Physicians, Madam, will not think it strange

If I change Med'cines when Diseases change.

The Pilot, of most firm and constant mind,

Must shift his course and turn with every wind.

Enter Thuricus, Viche.

Thur. The Sultan's Troops, more swift than in Alarms,
Are, without orders, running to their Arms.

Viche. Rustan does now in several shapes appear;

For he is often alter'd by his fear.

Card. The Army is so bent to Mutiny,

That *Mustapha* does counsel you to flye.

Madam, we all are to your flight inclin'd.

Queen. But, to this place, my Lord, I am confin'd?

And by a eye which has such influence

That I will rather dye than flye from hence.

A mutinous noise is heard.

Card. Their anger is grown loud! Madam, 'tis fit
That you send out to know the cause of it.

Queen. Make haste, my Lords, and severally enquire

If those who rais'd this storm can raise it higher;

And when you have the danger of it learn'd

Observe how far the Princes are concern'd.

[Exit Thuricus, Viche.]

Enter Cleora at another door, and whispers to the Queen.

Cleo. *Zarma* has hastily a whisper brought

Which says, that means for your escape is wrought.

This Tempest *Mustapha* would have you shun;

And she will help to send away your Son.

Queen. O how am I perplext? secure him Heaven!

[Aside.]

I have my Faith to *Roxolana* given

To assure her of my stay, by which my Son

May in my Fortunes equal hazard run.

[Whispers Cleora.]

Go strait to *Roxolana's* Tent, and there

Observe what change does in her looks appear.

[Exit Cleora.]

Card. Madam, you said you would not fly from hence:

'Tis a resolve of fatal consequence.

Queen. The cause of that resolve I must conceal;

But will a secret of more use reveal.

The Prince has by his Presents *Zarma* won,

Who will contrive to send away my Son.

This is a bus'ness worthy your debate.

Card. Unhappy is the Minister of State

Whom for successful counsel you despise.

Yet that conceal by which he should advise

His fate and not his skill you ought to blame.

Who plays the Cards yet must not see the Game.

If I but hold the Cards which you will play,

I throw your judgment not my own away.

Queen. But this which needs your counsel open lies.

Card. To what you have reveal'd I thus advise

Your Son, to *Buda* flying, will redeem

By his own loss those who abandon'd him.

You trust the Conquer'd who were false before.
And by distrust provoke the Conquerour.
How can your Son by flight advantage'd be,
Who quits the Port to meet a storm at Sea?
And doubtless, Madam, you by staying here,
The whole revenge of his escape must bear.
These are the dangers which attend his flight;
But he is safe in *Roxelana's* sight.
For, till her growing pow'r you can suspect,
Doubt not his safety whom she does protect.

Queen. Your reasons urging his continuance here;
Like Rays of light, are sudden, strong, and clear.
My Lord, as these convince me for his stay,
So let my counsel hasten you away.
The Mutinous, who now in tumult rise,
Hate our Religion, and your Robe despise.
This Storm you may in *Buda* safely see.

Card. Madam, it will no more my wonder be
That you, not trusting me, disguis'd appear,
Since you suspect I am so faint with fear,
As to forsake my Queen in her Distress.
But, Madam, walk in Clouds, and trust me less:
Though but in part your Mind you will declare,
Yet in your whole Misfortunes I will share:
And though my Counsels may defective seem,
I'll by my Suf'ring's merit your Esteem.

[Exit.

Queen. Our greatest Councilors think we are unjust
When our least thoughts are hidden from their Trust;
And till (by knowing th' utmost that we know)
Those restless Councilors may our Rulers grow,
They do not love us, and they fatten seem;
But after care not though we love not them.

[Exit.

Enter Solyman, Rustan, Pyrrhus.

Shouts are heard from within.

Soly. What Shouts are these?

Rust. Shouts which your Soldiers pay,
Hearing Prince *Mustapha* has leave to stay.

Pyrrh. About his Tents the joyful Soldiers croud.

Soly. There was no need their Joy should be so loud:
Their Shouts of Triumph never rose so high.

Rust. It shews they love him more than Victory,
And when these Shouts they in your Presence make,
It is a Sign they love him for your sake.

Soly. How long can they the Father love, who run
With such a guilty Kindness to the Son?

'Tis much to do it, more to shew it so.

Pyrrh. Men never fear to pay the Debts they owe.

Soly. He takes that Love which does belong to me,
And lets me reign but by his Courtesy.

His early Acquisition shews his Skill
In ruling, and his Pow'r declares his Will.

Rust. Suspicion's good unless it start too soon,
And then does faster than th' Offender run.

If he pursues, too early and too fast,
Your Armies Love, he errs but in his haste.

Your

Your Jealousie and his Desire to gain
That Love from which he should a while abstain,
May be excus'd; for neither is a Crime,
But as you both may err in point of Time.

Pyrrh. Why Should your Armies Kindness be his Fault?

Soly. They love or hate but so as they are taught.
By fear Usurpers should their Pow'r sustain;
But a true Prince chiefly by Love should reign.
Whilst, in loose Knots, Fear but the Body binds,
We strongly rule by Love our Subjects Minds.

Rust. Yet wisest Monarchs by Success have prov'd
That it is safer to be fear'd than lov'd,
For Subjects as they please their Love dispense,
But always fear as it does please the Prince.
A King should more the ruling Pow'r esteem
Plac'd in himself than when 'tis lodg'd in them.

Soly. That Terror is destructive to a State:
For whom soe'er the People fear they hate.
This is in me and in my Subjects true:
For fearing *Mustapha* I hate him too,
And he, e'en in my Camp, my Pow'r controls;
I ruling but their Bodies, he their Souls.

Pyrrh. By his first Deeds he seem'd to study you,
And of your Story a fair Copy drew.
Can he deface the Vertue he has shown,
And on his Father's Ruine build his Throne?

Soly. Since on Ambition's wings he means to rise,
He will both hate and slight all Nature's Ties.
A Father's Name cannot his Nature fright
From Glory, when it doth his Youth invite.
Th' enchanting Sound of Pow'r so charms his Ear,
That he will now no other Musick hear.

[New Shouts are heard, at which Solyman starts.

This Insolence is loud enough to wake
Revenge from duller Sleep than Death can make.

Rust. Perhaps not understanding their Offence,
They deem this Duty which is Insolence,
And think they not offend in what they do.

Soly. My Army then is bravely taught by you,
Can any ignorant of Treason be,
Who shout for ought but Victory and me?

Rust. Yet do not, Sir, decline what I advise.
Repentance is a Noble Sacrifice.
But if, when taught, their Crime they should pursue,
'Twill justify what you intend to do.

Pyrrh. When but a few into Offences run,
Justice may safely punish what is done,
But when whole Camps are kindled to a flame,
Persuasion then, not Force, must them reclaim.

Rust. Revenge, which to the injur'd does belong,
Can be successful only to the strong.
Your Foes you summon e'er their Towns you storm;
If to your Army now you less perform,
They all in Arms for *Mustapha* will rise,
Because you use them worse than Enemies.

Soly. I yield to your Advice, go both, and try

To make them in their joys more mauterly.
My race of Glory did proceed too fast.
My Armies now grow weary of my haste.
And yet, though tir'd, they shout and gladly run
To see me overtaken by my Son:
All in this Race are stop't when overtook;
And I, whom all did follow, am forsook:
Forsook by him whom I begot and bred:
I'm left behind by those whom I have led.
Must I, like Conqu'ring Fleets, when storms begin,
Take all my glorious Flags and Streamers in?
Though *Mustapha* by Heavens decree was sent
To warn great Monarchs by my punishment,
Yet he does Heav'n offend, offending me.
What means our Prophet by this mystery?
My Son's ordain'd to what he should not do,
And I to bear what I should punish too.

*Exeunt Rustan;
Pyrrhus.*

[Exit.]

Enter Mustapha, Zanger.
Mustapha seems very pensive.

Zang. Ah Prince! you wrong your love whilst you admit
Another Passion thus to reign with it.

Must. Zanger, my grief may well my heart subdue,
Since 'tis too great to be reveal'd to you.
Pity that Fate with which I now contend;
It makes me hide my danger from my Friend.

Zang. What can you seem unwilling to declare,
After confessing you my Rival are?
Or of that Friendship are you not secure,
Which did, unshaken, such a proof endure?

Must. Let what I heard be silenc'd as untrue,
Since my believing it may trouble you:
And yet my speaking it may pardon'd be,
Since your not hearing it may ruine me.

Zang. What can I more an injury esteem
Than when by silence you distrustful seem?

Must. Alas! you know not that you are unjust,
When thus you take my kindness for distrust.
Be loth to hear what I shall speak with pain.

Zang. I torment feel in that which you retain.

Must. Your Mother with the *Vizier* is agreed;
And she hath secretly my death decreed.

Zang. You wrong me, Brother, and your self deceive:
And I wrong nature when I this believe.

Must. I'll rather perish by your mis-belief,
Than give you evidence t' increase your grief.
Farewell! the duty of a Son retain.
You'll hear your Brother, and your Friend is slain.

Zang. 'Twere cruel, Sir, to leave me with this wound.

Must. You are too good to see what I have found.

[Going out.]

Zang. Stay, Sir, I cannot more much offend,
Doubting a Mother to preserve a Friend.
Our Friendship does the minds all grace show.
Let me the utmost of this secret know.

Must. It comes from one who does not prudence lack,
Nor his intelligence from Rumour take;
One to whom *Zarna* does with trust disclose
(Charm'd by his love) all that her bosom knows.
This bloody mischief is with art design'd,
The secret, cautiously, to few confin'd;
Which by such close contraction is made strong,
And still your Mother abler to do wrong.

Zang. Perhaps she is thus cruel since I grow
As cruel in believing she is so.
Yet then she with her self does disagree,
Knowing I die in you and she in me.

Must. This Junto could not so successful be
Were not the *Sultan* wrought to jealousy,
That I, affecting popular esteem,
Follow those Crouds which have forsaken him;
And that I aim'd not, by my Battels won,
To conquer *Persia* but usurp his Throne.
These false suggestions I might soon remove,
Were I admitted to implore his love;
But oh that rigid form which us bereaves
Of all approach without our Father's leaves!
That rigid custom which does bring no less
Than death, when we, unsent for, seek access!
But, *Zanger*, if I could admittance gain,
I must not where your Mother rules complain!

Zang. If they have rais'd the *Sultan's* wrath so high,
You must, to save your life, vouchsafe to fly.
Your stay makes life depend upon his breath;
Your flight prevents his guilt and your own death.
Whom he suspects he does but seldom save;
A Prince's Prison is a Prince's Grave.

Must. 'Twere better, *Zanger*, that my blood were spilt
Than sav'd by Flight; Flight is itself a guilt.
Since still my duty did my actions steer,
I'll not disgrace my innocence by fear,
Lest I the saving of my life repent,
I'll rather bear than merit punishment.

Zang. When Pris'ner made 'twill be a new offence
T' accuse his wrath by pleading innocence.
Your death he'll then decree t' avoid complaint;
Pow'r oft by death does justify restraint.
And, when incens'd, into two faults will run
Rather than own that it has acted one.
We shall by your retreat gain time to learn
Those dangers which our haste cannot discern.
You then may make that innocence appear
Which yet his passion will not let him hear.

Must. I'll sooner yield my person to his pow'r
Than be held guilty by him but one hour.
By flight my fear and shame will equal be,
And fear or shame is worse than death to me.

Zang. I doubt your virtue will your life betray;
But since so nobly you resolve to stay,
I'll to my Mother straight, and she shall know
Th' important secret of our mutual vow.

It will divert the hope of her design,

When she's assur'd your ruine must be mine.

Must. Friendship like this who ever did enjoy,

Which rival'd-love nor death cannot destroy?

Oh *Zanger*! If you knew how much I strove

To make my Friendship overcome my Love

(Though in that strife I could not Victor be)

You would both envy then and pity me.

Zang. I'm glad in that design you mist your end:

Who quits his Mistress may forsake his Friend.

And none of Friendship should a proof admit

Which may occasion fear of losing it.

For he who can break off your Conquerors chain,

Has such wild strength as nothing can restrain.

Must. Hah! stay! methinks I'm on a sudden brought

To light's last glimpse, and to a stop of thought!

Methinks, something prophetick in my Breast,

Bids me make haste, and in Fame's Temple rest,

And as men dying leave chief Legacies

To those whose Friendship they did dearest prize;

So, *Zanger*, I, as to your merit due,

Bequeath the Queen, my Life's last gift, to you.

Zang. Our secret Sympathy your Fate secures:

If bad, my Breast would feel't as soon as yours.

And since you but bequeath a Legacy,

Which cannot be posses'd before you dye,

You safely give what I shall ne'r receive,

Because I cannot *Mustapha* out-live,

Must. How poorly some in Friendship take a pride,

Which never yet was by Loves interest try'd:

To ours alone the perfect praise is due

At once of being Friends and Rivals too.

[*Exit* Embracing.]

Enter Rustan, Pyrrhus.

Pirrh. Compliance now must serve us more than force,

Since th' *European* and the *Asian* Horse

Refuse our Orders, and in publick say,

That we conspir'd to banish *Mustapha*.

Rust. No pride so dang'rous is as being proud

Of prosp'rous Mutiny. They threaten loud

Who us'd but in their whispers to complain.

Pirrh. If they the *Janizaries* *Ag* gain,

We are, beyond repairs of Court, undone.

Rust. The force we dare not meet we ought to shun.

Pirrh. The Empress feels remorse, or finds her fear.

Rust. We shall be call'd, *Zang* expects us here.

{ *Enter* Achmat,

Achmat, the *Asian* Horse have long been led

Haly.

By you, and by your great example bred,

This Monster-mutiny will all devour.

You might oblige the *Sultan* with your pow'r

If you could quell this Monster.

Achm. May be so.

But you had better try what you can do.

Rust. The deed is noble and belongs to you:

I would not take what is to *Achmat* due.

Achm.

Achm. Indeed you ever, with a tender hand,
Touch'd what another *Bassa* should command.
Your Justice (which knows when, and whom to strike)
Usurps no business which you do not like.

Pirrh. *Haly*, this doubtful language strange appears.

Haly. You'll in the Army find Interpreters.

Rust. *Haly* it seems does listen to the Crowd.

Haly. Men need not listen where Complaints are loud.

Pirrh. The people rail to exercise their Tongues.

Haly. Their patience first is exercis'd with wrongs.

Pirrh. They, wanting judgment, should submit to Law,
And cannot Judges be in their own cause,
But to their Rulers gently should appeal.

Achm. Men their own Judges are of what they feel.

Rust. This is not meant in Friendship nor for sport.

Sure, *Pirrhus*, they are angry with the Court,
And having found, none for their anger care,
Strive out of malice to be popular.

Enter Zarma who whispers Rustan.

Zarma. You must bring *Pirrhus*, and may have access.

*Exeunt with Zarma, Rustan and Pirrhos, smiling sternly
on the other two, and they on them.*

Ach. Methinks we were ill-natur'd to express
So much contempt of Greatness in distress.

Haly. When shining Fav'rites grow with greatness proud,
All men rejoice to see them in a Cloud.
If this ill nature be, 'tis not confin'd
To us alone, but is in all Mankind.
And whilst we blame our selves we injure all:
Nothing's ill natur'd that is natural.

Achm. I must confess, in thus insulting, you
Do but as Statesmen to each other do.

Haly. When they are more afflicted we will seem
To mourn with their few Friends who pity them;
But secretly we will their Foes incense,
And then, in haste, bring them intelligence
Of mischiefs which they never can avoid,
And so be thank'd by those we have destroy'd. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Roxolana, Rustan, Pirrhos.

Rox. My favour to the Sultan you implore
Only for Governments you sought before:
You sue for Egypt, you for Babylon;
If I could these procure, you would be gone.

Rust. In these from sudden Foes we distant are;
No Mutiny can last so far to march so far:
And we, by absence, may perhaps abate
The rage contracted by this Armies hate.

Pirrh. This Armies temper, well consider'd, shows
You are not safe when we our safety lose.
But 'twill in vain with your designs contest,
When in our hands you shall possess the East.

Rox. Men who to high designs, like this, are bent,
Should less fear death than not to see th' event.

Rust.

Raf. The Camp to *Mustapha* such Love has shown,
That we shall hasten by his Death our own.

Pyrrh. That which does lead your Hope the surest way
Brings us to certain Ruine if we stay.

Rex. You vow'd (Striving my Favour to regain)
That *Zanger* after *Solyman* should reign.

And, that I might no mark of Horrour bear,
You said, I still against it should appear.

Pyrrh. But, Madam, neither of us promis'd we
The Prince's Executioners would be.

All but the Mutes will that black Office shun;
And all things else are near Perfection done.

Rex. None here the fatal Orders will obey,
If in this juncture you should fly away,

You both must stay, and what you plotted, act:
I'll not the Guilt of your Designs contract.

Raf. In staying we the Prince's Fate partake;
We who are guilty only for your sake.

So guilty none did ever yet appear.

Rex. You only guilty are because you fear:
But fear in Statef-men is the highest Crime.

Those, who to Empires upper Stations climb,
Are not so useful by their being wise,

As they may hurtful be by Cowardise.

For they, fearing to act what they should do,
Make with themselves the valiant useles too.

Raf. Provoke not those who with your Ruine may
Save both themselves and Injur'd *Mustapha*.

Pyrrh. This, were we Cowards, we could quickly do.

Rex. Am I forsaken, and then threatned too?

You doing this will your best Village wear.

Falshood in Statef-men is less vile than Fear,

Go to the *Sultan*, go! and th' Int'rest try
Of crafty Art: On Nature I'll rely.

You are whole Statef-men, and his Friends in part;
Statef-men, like States, are but the Works of Art.

When in both Shapes your Wifdoms have appear'd,

Weak Wives and Mistresses may chance be heard.

You with your Blood must for your Mischiefs pay;

But a few Tears will wash my Guilt away.

What you design'd, Ambition made you do;

I did but that which Nature call'd me to.

You did the Plot contrive to kill his Son;

At which I but conniv'd to save my own.

Go then, and by your Deaths the diff'rence prove

*Twixt those whom Kings but trust, and whom they love.

Raf. Our Treason against you would be a Fault
Greater than ever enter'd in our Thought.

Pardon our Passion since you did deny

The Suit we made with sharpest Injury.

Pyrrh. Too much your loyal Subjects you despise;

When you their Care impute to Cowardise.

Rex. Care does unworthy of it self appear,

When it the ugly Vizard wears of Fear.

If, as you said, the Deed is almost done,

Stay but one day to end what you begun.

The Souldiers Fury, which you would decline,
If well improv'd will perfect your Design.
Their Love to *Adustapha* is turn'd to Rage;
Which nothing but his Blood can now assuage.
Go then, and make my Son the Empire's Heir;
Leave your Preferments to my sudden Care.

Rust. We in your Cause all Dangers will despise.

Pyrrh. And with your Fortune quickly fall or rise:

Rust. We will the *Sultan* instantly attend:
The Prince's ling'ring Fate in Death shall end.

[*Exeunt Rustan, Pyrrhus.*]

Enter Zarma.

Zarma. Madam, Prince *Zanger*, much impatient, stays
Within, and humbly for Admittance prays.

Rex. I guess the Bus'ness which has brought him here:
His fatal Friendship gives me Grief and Fear:
Finding the *Sultan* does his Brother hate,
He would imploy me as his Advocate.
Say I am close at my Devotion, go!
Say I'm retir'd; make haste and tell him so.
Admit him not though much he will pretend.

Zarma. He is too much a Brother and a Friend.

[*Aside.*]

[*Exit Zarma.*]

Rex. What Sin of mine, Oh Heav'n! incenses thee?
Thou mak'st my Son his own worst Enemy.
What by my Care and Art he might enjoy,
He does himself contribute to destroy.
And I, in my perplex'd Condition, must
Become unnatural, or else unjust:
Must leave a Son to Empires Cruelty,
Or to a gen'rous Prince inhumane be.
My Husband, whom I love, I cruel make,
E'en against Nature, yet for Nature's sake.
His Son, by my Contrivance, he must kill;
Whilst I preserve my own against his Will.
The Blood I save must answer for my Guilt,
And wash away the Stains of what is spilt.

[*Exit.*]

The

The FIFTH ACT.

Enter Solyman, Roxplana, Pyrrhus, Rustan:

Solyman. I Will not stay to see him in my Throne:
I yet can reach him and will take him down;

Rustan has now my Orders: he shall dye.

Rox. Excess of Justice turns to Cruelty.

Solyman. Whilst but Suspicion did my Breast invade,
Your mediation could my Wrath dissuade;

But now, his Treason is so certain grown,

That I must take his Life, or lose my own.

The Name of *Mustapha* infects your Breath.

Those who desire his Life, design my Death.

Rox. Then, Sir, my Intercession is unfit.

Yet pardon me if I with Grief submit;

For it does too much cause of Grief afford,

When Justice against Nature draws her Sword.

Solyman. His Death is but deferr'd, because I stay

To send him to his Grave the safest way.

Rust. Since you by *Achmet* did the Prince advise,

That if he either Loyal were, or Wise,

He from the Camp should secretly retire,

And by his Absence quench his raging Fire.

It were convenient too you *Achmet* sent

With Kindness to invite him to your Tent;

Pretending 'tis your Will he should receive

Your Counsel, e'er he does the Army leave.

But, Sir, since for your Safety he must die,

It should be done with Speed and Secrecie.

Pyrrhus. Else they may rescue him by open Force:

His Train and Guards are Thirty Thousand Horse;

And he so much your Soldiers rules that they

Will scarce, but in your presence, you obey.

Solyman. Already his dark Evening is begun:

He shall be sure to set before the Sun;

And never more shall rise to be ador'd,

But part in an Eclipse and be abhor'd.

Send *Achmet* hither to avoid delay.

[Exeunt Rustan, Pyrrhus.]

Rox. Fate rises in your Brow! I dare not stay

To hear that bloody Sentence you must give:

Horror and Pity in my Bosom strive.

Remembering what to *Mustapha* is due,

And not to punish him would ruine you.

[Exit.]

Solyman. We our Compassion rather should extend

To Strangers than to Sons when they offend;

With wrongs from Strangers we may well dispence,

Who nothing have receiv'd to recompence.

They only are by common Justice bound:

None are ingrate who have no Favour found.

But *Mustapha* (unthankful for that Care,

Which bred him to deserve the Wreaths of War;

Whom

Whom all the Bonds of Nature could not tie)
Shall now, for Nature's sake unpity'd die.

Enter Mustapha, Zanger.

[*Exit.*

Must. This Counsel *Achmat* from the Sultan brought,
Whose Favour I have now by *Achmat* sought;
Begging I may attend him e'er I go,
And fully my suppos'd Offences know.
If to this just Request he does consent,
I may avoid my Fatal Banishment,
And be deliver'd from double Grief,
Whilst I to Love and Friendship give Relief.

Zang. I fear in your Request by *Achmat* made
You have but sought the means to be betray'd.
And since against your self you now conspire,
Who will oppose that Fate which you desire?
My Mother, in denying me access,
Does fashly your determin'd Death confess.

Must. Since only guilty Minds have cause to fear,
It does to me more probably appear
That e'en my Foes are likelier to abhor
Their mischiefs past, than to consult of more.

Enter Achmat.

Achm. The Joys of Conquest ever fill your Breast.
The mighty Sultan yields to your Request;
Believes your Love is in your Message sent;
He trusts that Love, and thinks you innocent.
His Cloud is vanish'd, and his Brow so clear,
That you may plainly read a Father there:
Sir, he does straight expect you in his Tent:
Improve his Kindness whilst he does relent.

Must. How like you now the way I did pursue?

Zang. I think the Change too sudden to be true.

Must. If false, I then am but of Life bereav'd:

[*Enter Zanger.*

'Tis worth my dying to be undeceiv'd.

And who would with a Father be in strife?

Rather than Duty lose, I'll lose my Life.

Zanger. farewell! I leave, in leaving you,
The best of Friends and best of Brothers too.

Yet I shall take some Glory in my Death,
Counting the worth of what I can bequeath.

And, to confirm my Legacy, I now
Freely release the Rigour of your Vow.

For if in th' upper World we ought can know
Of things which those we love transact below,
I shall rejoyce, when I am thither gone,

That you possess my Mistress and my Throne.

Zang. Can you such Gifts to one so worthless give,
As after you will be content to live?

Ah Prince! If this discourse you should pursue,
Sorrow to me would kinder prove than you.

Must. If in my Fate, dear *Zanger*, you should share,
Who of the Queens Concerns will take a care?
Think it her Suit, not mine, which you deny.

Zang. When you are dead, Honour will make me dye.

Must. I shall be strong enough for my defence,
Where Nature pleads the Cause of Innocence.

Zang.

Zang. Methinks both these should all things overcome;
Yet Hope finds in my breast but little room.
Must. I must not your Prophetick sorrows bear:
'Tis only Friendship which creates your fear. **[Exit Must.]**

Enter the Queen, Zarma.

Zarma. One whom I lov'd enjoy'd me to obey,
With faithful service, you and *Mustapha*.
And, Madam, I attend you now you are
Alone, that all I know I may declare.

Queen. I'll not ungrateful be for what you do:
I'll serve you in rewards and Friendship too.

Zarma. I still have fear'd that *Roxelane's* love
To *Zanger* would his Brother's ruine prove;
But many proofs do now my thoughts convince,
That she designs to save and serve the Prince;
For that effect she's to the Sultan gone;
But first commanded me to tell her Son,
That he this Evening in her Tent should stay,
To speak with her concerning *Mustapha*.
The tumult in the Camp begins to cease,
And all put on the cheerful looks of Peace.

Queen. You tell me what I most desir'd to hear:
Which soon will free me from my grief and fear.

Zarma. Since all things move to meet with your desire,
Your Son has no occasion to retire.

Queen. By your advice I may successful grow.

Zarma. Still what I bear you instantly shall know. **[Exit Zarma.]**

Enter Cardinal, Thuricus, Viehe, Cleopra.

Queen. My Lords, by *Zarma* (who is newly gone)
I hear the Sultan smiles upon his Son:
The Empress nobly has procur'd his peace;
The Chiefs of factions from their tumults cease,
And now for favour to her Tent resort.

Card. I doubt all this is but a turn of Court:
Think not the Empress will her pow'r employ
To establish him who must her Son destroy.

Queen. Honour has in her Soul the highest place.

Card. Nature has greater pow'r than Honour has:
But, Madam, whilst this seeming calm does last,
You, with the Infant should to *Buda* haste;
Which, now disloyal grown, will scarce withstand
The worst of all your Foes, King *Ferdinand*.
For whilst the Turk invades us from the East,
Th' un-christian King assaults us in the West.
With craft and wealth he has advanc'd his pow'r.

Thur. Madam, we now came from the Governour;
Who bad us tell you that he has surpriz'd
Three of King *Ferdinand's* Officers disguis'd.

Viehe. With these there have been blank Commissions found:
Some of their faction we in Fetters bound.

Queen. Before this danger does restless grow,
You must, with both these Lords, to *Buda* go.

Card. Your presence, Madam, will be needful there.

Queen. My promise will a while detain me here.

Card. You'll then be left afflicted and alone.

Queen. You leave me for my safety not your own.

Whilst I the rage of Fortune here withstand,

We may be ruin'd there by *Ferdinand*.

I must not be deny'd. Your being there

Will free me from a most important care.

Card. Madam, my strict obedience makes me go.

All that does happen you shall hourly know.

[*Exeunt Queen and Chorus one way, the Cardinal and Lords the other door.*]

Enter Mustapha. The Guards and others, passing by him, shake their heads with sorrowful looks.

Must. All shake their pensive heads in passing by
As if they did dislike my destiny.

Let him dispatch whom he intends to kill;

'Tis less to suffer death than fear it still.

Nor is the worst of deaths so bad a Fate

As still to live under a Father's hate.

My torments are so many and so high,

That only death can be my remedy.

Death will my Father's jealousy remove,

And free me ever from neglected love;

Whilst to my greatest guilt it puts an end

Of being Rival to so brave a Friend.

But even that comfort brings me sorrow too;

For death will then more than my Friendship do.

And if his kindness makes him keep his vow,

He, dying, will the greater Friendship show.

He'll freely, for my sake, quit life and love;

But cruel force does me from both remove.

In death his Friendship will so clearly shine,

That when I dye, he'll see the faults of mine:

For I, by Rivalship, was faulty grown,

And death resigns what friendship should have done.

Enter six Mutes, one of them advances before the rest and kneels down, delivers Mustapha a black Box with a Parchment, the Sultan's Great Seal hanging as it in a black Ribband. Then he holds up a Bow-string and makes signs that he should kneel and submit to the Sultan's Sentence.

These are to add new Wings to my last hour.

I understand your signs and see your power.

Stand off. I with your business can dispence.

But your officious haste is an offence.

I will consider what I ought to do,

And dye to satisfy my self not you.

Can I my duty show when I do ill,

Unjustly yielding to a Father's will?

Sure we, by Nature's gift, the right enjoy

To strive with those who would our lives destroy.

And when I tamely dye, without defence,

I teach the World to doubt my innocence.

But with my Father why should I debate?

My death he wishes, and my life I hate.

{*They retire to the further end of the Stage.*}

Why

Why should I make his anger higher rise,
By striving to preserve what I despise?

[He beckens to the Mutes to come near him, and they advance.]

Before I dye I'll to the Sultan show
My injur'd innocence, that he may know
My death will to the judging World proclaim;
He is more guilty than he thinks I am,
When I have told him what I ought to say,
Then what he does command I will obey.

[They all shake their heads in sign of denial.]

How, Slaves! am I refus'd? I will not dye
Till I have first obtain'd what you deny.

*[The Mutes draw their Scimitars and assault him;
he draws too, and kills two of them.]*

Enter Solymán.

Soly. O Traitor! art thou such an Enemy
To thy high Blood which is deriv'd from me,
That now enforc'd by this new crime, I must
With my own hand mix it with common dust?
Against my pow'r thou dying art as strife,
To make thy death as guilty as thy life.

*At the first hearing of Solymán's Voice, the Mutes rise over fighting, and
at the end of Solymán's Speech, Mustapha kneeling, lays his Scimitar
at the Sultan's Feet.*

Must. The cause of my defence from their assault
Was that from you I might have learnt my fault.
Alas, what is't I with that life should do,
Which, Sir, is hated and proscrit'd by you?
All I endeavour'd by my life's defence,
Was to gain time to shew my innocence:
I shun not dying, Sir, but to be held
Guilty, is dying after I am kill'd,
Losing the life of Fame when I am dead.

Soly. A Man condemn'd is not allow'd to plead.
I'll hear no more.

[Mustapha rises.]

Must. Then, Sir, to death I'll go.
I am too guilty since you think me so.
May not my Servants do what must be done?
Let not your meanest Slaves destroy your Son.

Soly. Though justice takes that life which he must lose,
Yet Nature cannot this request refuse.

[Aside.]

Go, lead him in, and let his Servants do
That sudden justice which I left to you.

[To the Mutes.]

Must. That cheerfulness with which to death I go,
Some proof, Sir, of my innocence does show.
And since by death I would your hate remove,
What would I not have done to gain your love?

*[Exit Mustapha, and Mutes, Solymán looking
after Mustapha whilst he is in sight.]*

Soly. What I have now decreed does just appear:
But against Nature who can stop his ear,
Though she against the right of Justice stands?
My Heart does sigh for what my Tongue commands.

*[Exit.
Enter]*

Enter Roxolana.

Rox. Now the great deed is doing, or else done;
I have been cruel to preserve my Son,
That cruel deed which makes him th' Empires Heir,
Heav'n sure forgives, since it rewards my care.
And nothing now can ever make me grieve,
But for his death by which my Son does live.

Enter Zarma.

Zarma. Madam, the Guards are doubled ev'ry where.

Rox. If Guards can make you safe what need you fear?

Zarma. Your Servants hide their looks, and fear to show
The griefs they feel, and dangers which they know.

Rox. *Zarma*, be deaf to what you should not hear;

Or use your strength to what you ought to bear.

Easing your self, when you of grief complain,

To many others you transfer your pain.

By your amazement and the tears you shed,

You seem to tell me *Mustapha* is dead.

Haly. Yes, and so dy'd, that the most fortunate
Would gladly for his Fame have had his Fate.

But, Madam, Be suffic'd that he is dead.

Rox. No, I dare hear both what he did and said.

Haly. The *Sultan* his last Suit could not deny;
Which was, that by his Servants he might dye.

And each of those declar'd it a less crime

To kill himself, than 'twas to Murder him.

Rox. It shews he was with highest love esteem'd,

When none would kill whom *Solyman* condemn'd.

Haly. It turn'd our blood to tears when he did pray

To all, in vain, to take his life away.

He said aloud, can I so wretched prove,

That your denials must declare your love?

See what your guilty kindness drives me to;

Worse than my Father did, 'twill make me do.

One whom he guilty thought, to death he sent;

But you will make me kill the innocent.

'Tis you have made your Prince unfortunate,

Who finds your love more cruel than his hate.

And now (afraid of nothing but delay)

He frowning said, unfriended *Mustapha*

Must be beholding to himself for death:

Then snatcht a Sword which straight he did unsheath.

Morat cry'd out, the Murderer's part I'll do;

'Tis fitter I should bear that guilt than you.

The Prince about his neck his Arms did spread,

In sign of gratitude, and smiling said,

Is it not fit my wretched life should end

When he who kills me I esteem my Friend?

Rox. He could not give more ornament to death,

Than when so calmly he resign'd his breath.

Haly. When griev'd *Morat* the fatal deed had done

(Which kindness made him do, and others shun)

With

With haste he said, no Tears can be so good
To shed for such a Loss as Tears of Blood.
His hand then acts the second Tangick Part
So on his own, as on his Master's heart.
But Grief had wounded him so much before,
That scarce his Scemitar could wound him more.

Rox. This was at once a Duty and a Crime.

Haly. It made us pity first, then envy him.

Rox. Call Zanger hither, and return with speed.
But keep him ignorant of this dire Deed.

Enter Haly.
Brave Prince, if now thy Mother were alive,
She, by my Sorrow, might be taught to grieve.
How soon thy Death a Miracle has done?
It makes me weep for what preserves my Son.

Exit Roxolana, Zarna

Enter Solyman.

Solyman. Forgot are now those Fields his Valour won,
Which did too soon his Head with Laurel crown.
His Virtue with his Foes he overthrew;
For, growing great, he straight grew guilty too.

*Enter Zanger, who kneels. Solyman steps to him,
and takes him up.*

Zanger. I come at your Command, by *Achmet* sent;
Who said, I should attend you in your Tent.

Solyman. Zanger, I now did for your Judgment send:
You are my Mind's Physician, Son, and Friend.
Tell me, Can Mortal Monarchs always keep
The Watch o'er Empire set without some Sleep?

Zang. No Man can live, whom Sleep does not repair;
Much less can Monarchs who are born to Care.

Solyman. Behold then the Revenge which I did take
On him, who kept me many Months awake.

Zang. My Brother dead? You have the World bereft
Of much more Virtue than is in it left.

'Twas Jealousie, not he (Oh dire mistake)
Which did so many Months keep you awake.

And it was just, that you, who in your Breast
Would Jealousie admit, should take no Rest.

My Speech is, by this Object, overcome:
No Grief is well express'd till it is dumb.

Ab, Loyal Prince! till Death does close my Eyes,
Accept these Tears, my Friendship's Sacrifice.

Solyman. Traitor, dost weep for one condemn'd by me?
This shows that thou art guilty art as he.

Delist, or thou shalt share in his just Fate.
Zang. That, Sir, will rather show your Love than Hate.

Death is the only Blessing I can give:
You think it just, and I shall think in kind.

I will his Worth to all the World declare.
Solyman. He did aspire and grew too popular.

Zang. Rustan and Pyrrhus did his Life pursue:
We their contrivance of this Murder knew.

And

And I desir'd him from your wrath to flee;
But in Obedience he would stay to die;
For, but one day when banish'd from your sight,
Was worse to him than Death's Eternal Night.
If in himself he any Guilt had known,
He, with your leave to Syria might have gone.
He told me still what he design'd or knew.

Solym. His black designs he did conceal from you.

Zang. Nothing could more his trust of Friendship prove,
Than that we both th' Hungarian Queen did love:
And though he then my first Pretensions knew,
Yet freely he confess'd he lov'd her too;
And when a Rival does his Love reveal,
What can his Cunning after that conceal?
How could you his emblem'd Vertue doubt?

Solym. Have I not often heard my Armies shout
When he appear'd, and with Applause so high,
As if his Presence brought them Victory?

Zang. In that their Error, and not his, appear'd;
He with more Grief than you their Gladness heard.
By all the Duty to a Father due,
And to our Prophet, *Mussapha* was true;
True as your *Viziers* have been false, and wrought
You into wrong Suggestions of his Fault.

Solym. Oh Heav'n! my Guilt now makes it an Offence,
To hear untimely of his Innocence.

This Truth (which now I may my Torment call)
You should have sooner told, or not at all.

Zang. Who could, without offending you, have thought
(When your kind Message was by *Ascham* brought)
That 'twas a Train laid for my Brother's Life?
And yet my Doubt with Duty was at strife,
And Doubt prevail'd, for sev'ral ways I try'd
To get Admittance, but was still deny'd.

Solym. *Zanger*, to ease our Grief, let us agree
To impute his Fate to our ill Destinies.
Those who to Death have made me send my Son,
Shall instantly in Torture meet their own.
Let Wisdom check your Sorrow, and prepare
To bethis day proclaim'd my Empire's Heir.

Zang. But, Sir, religiously to me he swore,
That if the Turkish Crown he ever wore,
He to our bloody Law an end would give,
And I should safely in his Bosom live.
My self I then by sacred Promise ty'd
Not to out-live the day on which he dy'd.
And as I knew he nobly did design

To keep his Vow, so I remember mine. [He turns to *Mussapha*]
'Twas only Love had strength enough to invade
That mutual Friendship, which we sacred made:
But now o'er Love I have the Conquest got;
Though Love divided us, yet Death shall not.

[*Zanger* falls on his sword and falls at *Mussapha*'s Feet, *Solym* runs in time.]

Solym. Hold, *Zanger*! hold!

Zang. The happy wound is given
Which sends my Soul to *Mussapha* and Heav'n.

Solym.

Selym. Friendship and Cruelty alike have done;
For each of them has robb'd me of a Son.

Zang. When, Sir, you have forgiv'd me for my death,
Grant what I ask with my departing Breath:

Your dying *Zanger* begs th' *Hungarian* Crown!
For th' injur'd Queen, and for her guiltless Son.

Selym. Shall I so little give for *Zanger's* sake,
Whose mighty Mind would not my Empire take?

Zang. Sir, for your Gift in thankfulness I bend;
In death I serve my Mistress and my Friend.
He'll live in your Esteem, be in her Throne.

Now all I had to do on Earth is done,
Lo, at your Feet, dear Friend, your Brother lies dead,
And where he took delight to live, he dies.

Selym. Fame in her Temple will adorn thy Shrine.
No Roman Glory ever equal'd thine.

Zanger in height of Youth for Friendship's sake,
Did rather dye than proffer'd Empire take.

I would dye too, but by Revenge am staid,
Due for you both, which shall be doubly paid.

My *Viziers* shall be first your Sacrifice,
Nor is the safe who in my Bosom lies.

For they without her Int'rest in the Deed,
Durst not at last have urg'd me to proceed.

Oh *Mustapha*! the worthy may in thee
The dang'rous State even of great Virtue see.

Thine was to all the height and compass grown
That Virtue e'er could reach to get Renown.

And the Reward of it pernicious prov'd,
For I did punish thee for being lov'd.

Thy Mother was the first that e'er possess'd
By Conquest the Dominion of my Breast:

And but thy Mind been blotter'd and black'd
As Virtue would paint Vice, yet for her sake

(The brightest Beauty, and the fairest Wife)
I might, alas, at least, have sav'd thy Life.

But I shall mourn too long; for whilst I stay,
To count thy Wrongs, I thy Revenge delay.

Enter *Roxolana*, *Haly*.

Rox. How, *Haly*! Ate you certain that my Son
Is to the Sultan's Great Pavilion gone?

Haly. Achmet was for him by the Sultan sent;
And you will find him in the inner Tent.

Rox. You should have brought him to consult with me,
E'er he had known his Brother's Destiny.

Haly. I humbly beg, this may be rather thought
Your Servants great Misfortune than his Fault.

Rox. Wait in my Name, on the *Hungarian* Queen;
Tell her, that those rude Tumults she has seen

May still increase, and may repay her Fear;
And therefore I would fain secure her here.

But something, from your self, you ought to say,
She having heard too much of *Mustapha*.

Exit *Haly*.
Roxolana

[Roxolana goes towards the Scene, where she sees Mustapha, and Zanger with his Dagger in his hand, and then she returns back.]

Both dead! Oh horror! Zanger does appear
Arm'd 'gainst himself as his own Murderer.
This deed Friendship and Pity made thee do.
But was I not thy Friend and Mother too?
That Friendship against Nature was a Crime,
Which paid me nothing, and too much to him.
Though Friendship to a Friend thou might'st assign,
Yet, since I lent thee Life, that Life was mine.
Unjust to Nature, though to Friendship true.
In paying Friendship's Debt with Nature's due.
Is this the last Reward of all the Pain
I felt, saving thy Life to make thee reign?
Thou hast reveng'd (O Heav'n) what I have done
With so much guilty Kindness for my Son!

Enter the Queen.

Queen. What voice of Sorrow is alone so loud,
As if the Cause had made the Mourner proud?
For after Noble Mustapha is slain,
Who can enough without my help complain?

Rox. Ah, Queen! Add to your Grief by looking there.
Zanger is dead, and his own Murderer.

Queen. Zanger! I did not think Fate could have shown
(After it took away my King and Throne)
Another Loss which could a Grief impose,
To make me weep as justly as for those.
Why did not Zanger fatal Vertue lack,
Since it did highest Friendship cruel make?
Grief grows too hard for our Complaints alone,
When the World's Loss is greater than our own.

Rox. Ah, Mustapha! I hither came to grieve,
That by thy death I made my Zanger live;
But he too soon for my Offence has paid;
And I, thy Traytor, am by him betray'd.
Madam, your Tears will now injurious be;
In Grief, as Honour, you out-rival me.

Queen. You Zanger lov'd, then do not me reprove,
Grieving for two who had no fault but love.

Enter Haly.

Rox. Haly! If you come nearer you'll despise
All Glory, and repent that you have Eyes.

Haly. The Sultan, full of horror, did relate
A Tragick Story of such dismal Fate,
As keeps me from approaching, out of fear
To see what it was Cruelty to hear.
But these high Sorrows are accompany'd
With others, which Compassion vain would hide.

Rox. Will Heav'n more weight on our Affliction lay?

Haly. Madam, the Guards, and Train of Mustapha
Assault the Camp with their united Force,
And are assisted by Prince Zanger's Horse,
The Sultan, arm'd against this sudden Rage,
Is now advanc'd their Fury to all wage.

Rox.

Rox. O fatal strife where Victors nothing gain!

Haly. The *Viziers* by his order are both slain.

Madam, to you, as Regent for your Son,

The *Sultan* does present th' *Hungarian* Crown.

The old *Moravian* Troops are by command,

Prepar'd to march against King *Ferdinand*.

You, with your Son, may now to *Buda* go

To meet your Friends, and to pursue your Foe;

Your Restoration he before design'd,

When first the Empress with his purpose joyn'd:

But this dispatch he justly has consent,

Is the effect of *Zanger's* last request.

Queen. The looks of gratitude should cheerful be;

But, *Zanger*, I am so oblig'd by thee,

As it occasion gives to make me mourn,

That to the dead I nothing can return.

Rox. Madam, the *Sultan's* bounty freight receive;

And, in your absence, trust me here to grieve.

Queen. Madam, I'll with my Son to *Buda* go.

And my last duty to his Father show.

Then in a shady Cloister will remain;

And, as a fatal Mourner, still complain

Of that which here both you and I have lost,

Where death does over love in triumph boast.

I shall undo my Son if I look back

On those whom I unwillingly forsake;

I'm more concern'd in what I leave behind,

Than in the joys he shall in *Buda* find.

Rox. Go, Madam, go, and hasten to your Throne;

Live to find *Zanger's* Friendship in your Son.

Be with much pow'r more happy than I prov'd;

Live to be fear'd, and yet continue lov'd.

Queen. I'll fly from pow'r; but yours to the distress

Has been a refuge, and should be increase.

Till (when you weary grow) your suppliants sue,

That Heav'n may be a refuge then to you.

[*They Embrace.*]

[*Exeunt Queen and Haly.*]

Enter *Zarina* at the other door.

Zarina. The *Musky* is within, and bad me say
That he is sent to counsel you to pray.

Rox. Why dost thou weep? I do not dying fear.

Thou griev'st because Grief's remedy is near.

I'll meet the *Musky*, and for death prepare.

Lead me this way, for I would thus despair.

[*She looks backwards towards the dead Bodies,*

and goes from them.]

[*Exeunt.*]

The Scene changes. Enter *Achmat*, *Haly*.

Achmat. The tortur'd *Viziers* did their guilt confess;

And, e'er they dy'd, accus'd the *Sultan*.

Who to their first proposal did incline;

But by ambitious *Rustan* the design

(In hope to gain her favour) was begun,
And was pursu'd by her to save her Son.

Haly. The Guards and noble Train of *Mustapha*
Have got renown, though they have lost the day.

Achm. Till *Solyman* in person did appear
They, in their fierce assault, victorious were.

With Thirty Thousand Horse they brad the Field,
Of which Five Hundred are not left unhild.

He pardon'd those, and pity'd their offence,
But they so hated life and lov'd the Prince,

That it was harder to preserve those few
Than 'twas t' o'come the many whom we flew.

When rumour (Swift, though it flies low) had spread
Through all our Camp that *Mustapha* was dead.

And that his Friends, who had that Battle fought,
Were only for his safety hither brought.

Then the Victorious threw their Arms away,
And wept for those whom they did lately slay.

Some, who had kill'd their Sons, more tears did shed
For their own guilt, than that their Sons were dead.

Guilt wrought by Fate, which had their valour mov'd
Against that Prince whom they for valour lov'd.

Enter Solyman, Zarnia.

Haly. His Brows are full of Clouds, his Eyes of Fire;
There's dang'rous Thunder near: let us retire.

Exit Achm, Haly.

A Table, with a Standish, and a Chair upon the Stage.

Sol. Well, call her in; and do as I command.
You, with her Women, must be still at hand.

The *Musky* is of use; let him attend.
Thy progress, Love, was long, but it shall end.

By Beauty (which does even the wise delude)
The valiant ever soonest are subdu'd.

'Tis Nature's snare, and in defiance laid;
For when least hidden we are most betray'd.

Beauties fair hand has many a mighty name,
Too foully blotted in the Book of Fame.

Accur'd Beauty! 'tis at last to thee
That Famous Chiefs have ow'd their Infamy.

Oh what has it not done, and may do still!

Enter Roxolana.

Rox. I come to know Heaven's pleasure in your will.
Soly. Draw near then! Alas! be not afraid

When 'tis too late to fear. Speak, have you pray'd?
For you have much to lose, but more to save.

Have you been Penitent?

Rox. Sultan, I have.

Soly. You need'd many Tears to wash away
The stains which have defil'd this bloody day.

Brave *Mustapha*, and *Zanger* too is dead
These have deserv'd more Tears than you can shed;

Since

Since all in Honour's list they did excel;
But in their cause full Thirty Thousand fell;
And twice that number were in Battel kill'd
By those who did deserve to gain the Field.

Rox. Oh, *Sultan*, do not give me leave to speak;
But give that Heart, which loves you, leave to break!

Soly. Let it intire a while, for my sake, last;
I would not now have mention'd what is past;
But that 'tis justice and some kindness too,
To shew sufficient cause for what I do,
Which else might cruel seem; for you must dye.

Rox. When you bring death I will not ask you why?
Soly. It shews the civil greatness of your mind,

When to your Punisher you can be kind:
But 'twill oblige me and become you too,
More than your fatal Beauty e'r did do;
If you so gracefully depart from life,
As fits our Childrens Mother and my Wife.

Rox. Perhaps I liv'd unworthy of your Fame,
But none shall *Roxelana's* dying blame:
Yet I must grieve so as I ought to do,
When I, by leaving life, depart from you.

Soly. You may your little debts of kindness pay;
But I must be oblig'd another way,
Which will be first by your confession shown:
Confessing not what you, but I have done.

Rox. Ah, Sir, I most willingly I will confess
You found me in the Region of distress;
A Flow'r but newly sprung, and in the shade,
My growth I from your shining favour had.

Soly. This is not the confession I would hear,
It shews untimely gratitude or fear;
And makes me guilty of upbraiding you
With what Love's secret pow'r did make me do:
I aim not to be told what I have done
By loves persuasive force, and but to one;
For when you lov'd me too that debt was paid,
And debts discharg'd, none justly can upbraid.

Rox. Ah do not, Sir, forbid my thankfulness!
Soly. You quite mistake the thing you should confess;

'Tis not what Love but Honour made me do
For all your Sex, and not alone for you;
Though the strict Laws of *Ottoman's* high Race
Did not allow our *Sultan's* e'r should grace
The Mothers of their Sons with privilege
Of Marriage, yet your Sex I did oblige,
And shew'd you above the frowns of life,
Wholly by sacred Rites made you my Wife.

Rox. This is but mention'd to augment the sense,
Which you suspect'd want of my offence.
Or else you shew me that I useless grow,
Whilst I confess but what the people know.

Soly. If what I did was then by Honour done,
Let me that Honour keep when you are gone;
Let me the favour of your Sex retain:
Which since I justly did by Marriage gain,

I would not lose it now by Deaths divorce,
Whilst they unjustly think I want remorse,
And that my justice is but cruelty,
Because my Wife does by my Sentence die.

Rex. Do but instruct me, *Sultan*, how I may,
In death, for all my life's offences pay?

Soly. It is not fit our Priesthood or *Divan*,
Should sit to judge the Wife of *Solyman*.
But yet the blood by your ambition spilt,
Cries out so loud 'gainst your audacious guilt,
That now my People, Armies, and the State,
Behold your Beauty with malicious hate:
And no expedient e'r can satisfy
The justice they expect, unless you die.
You only can to Heav'n for mercy trust.

Rex. Sir, I will die, that they may find you just.

Soly. But, that your Sex may ever think me so,
You must a form of process undergo,
Which strict necessity does make me use.
You must, under your hand, your self accuse:
Which, as a true Record, may rescue me
From false opinions of my cruelty.

Rex. Ah *Sultan*! This proceeding is severe!

Soly. You nobly should your own impeachment bear,
Lest you a ruder from our *Bashaws* hear.
Go, *Roxelana*, sit, and write it down.

Rex. I, with my crime, shall make my duty known.

[Leads her to the Table.

Soly. Be brief and clear. Posterity should know
The hidden root which made your mischief grow.
When the first causes we of ill discern,
We safely and with ease prevention learn.
You had your aids in the conspiracy;
My *Viziers* else had not been doom'd to die.
What form do you in your confession use?

Rex. *Sultan*! I wholly do my self accuse,
And yet the dying, sure, may blame the Dead;
Who safely are by Death from danger freed:
Besides both they and I shall straight appear
Where Heaven's just Monarch will the injured hear.

Soly. Accuse your self and let their guilt alone.

Rex. If the contrivance was by them begun,
May I not make of Truth peculiar use,
And crimes extenuate when I shun excuse?

Soly. Already is your whole contrition spent?
Leave off if you unwillingly repent.

[He offers to take up her Paper,

Rox. Forgive me, *Sultan*, and I will proceed.

Soly. Oh Heav'n! when she so much does pardon need,
Can I deny it and endure to live?
I cannot be forgiven, if I forgive,
So much her crime all mercy does exceed;
For *Mustapha* and *Zanger* too is dead,
Make haste! write fully your ambition down
In changing the succession of my Crown.

Rex.

Rox. Pardon the Tears I on the Paper shed I

If I have written what you cannot read.

Solym. Forgive her, Heav'n! here take the Paper.

Dispatch! why do you pause?

Rox. I'll hasten, Sir.

But whilst I show my Crime at full extent,

Let me a little speak in much Content.

Solym. Your time forbids the solemnness of Crime.

Complain not when you cannot have Relief.

Yet you may speak. Take courage, but be brief.

Rox. Sir, this Confession a Beggar must be

To save you from imputed Crime.

Heav'n give you, Sir, an everlasting Name.

And Heav'n persuade you to prevent my Shame.

I have but little, through Ambition, done.

Nature did more, and 'twas to save my Son.

Solym. What did mysterious Nature make you do?

Could you at once be kind and cruel too?

Farewel, you are relaps'd, worse than before.

Rox. Sultan, I'll write, and I will speak no more.

Enter Halv.

Halv. Sultan, I show my Duty in my haste.

For with new Clouds your Camp is over-cast.

The bloody business of this fatal Day

Grows bloodier since the Death of *Roxolana*.

The Janizaries, by their *Aga*'s

Accuse the Empress, and demand her Head.

They have their Grievance by their *Aga* sent.

And he attends at the Entrance of your Tent.

Solym. They trust my yielding, but shall feel my Force.

Enter Halv. Bid *Asmet* face them with my *Syras*.

You must your best disguise of Friendship wear,

And meet the *Aga* with the Look of Fear.

Call him to Council, and disorder them.

And when he is admitted, strangle him.

These threatening Tumults only dang'rous are

To Monarchs who dare less than Subjects dare.

Sit down! Is your Confession signed yet?

Rox. Sultan, it is.

Solym. I'll read what you have writ.

Rox. Sir, now I feel the Torments of true Fear.

Because your Dangers great as mine appear.

Give to rude hands the Life which I must lose.

If you defend it, you your own expose.

Solym. No, *Roxolana*, you shall only die.

You shall find Justice but no Cruelty.

Your Women wait without; the *Aga* too.

What must be done they decently shall do.

Enter Halv. and Asmet.

Halv. The sudden Tempest suddenly is past.

No Clouds can long before your Lustre last.

With Tears the Janizaries now implore

That Favour which their Rage did stain'd before.

Sir, Achmat for the Age's Life deserves
Which he repriev'd to have it far'd by you,
It will a Triumph to the Army give,
Who are with Grief subdu'd.
Solyman. Go; let him live.

Rox. Ah, Solyman! shall she who heretofore
Still with Success, for others did implore
Be now deny'd when for her self she begs?
I beg not what I ought, Sir, to refuse
If it were granted, your consent to live.
Oh take my Life, but my Offence forgive.

Solyman. Oh why did Heav'n such perfect Beauty make?
Yet less such beauteous things Perfection lack?
Love against Justice in my Bosom rife,
Let Justice pardon Love what Love forgives.
Rise, Roxelana, you shall Mercy find.
But as when you were cruel you were kind,
So I will Deeds by your Example do:
For I will now be kind and cruel too.

Rox. Heav'n which begins to take your Clouds away,
Will from departing Night make Break of Day.

Solyman. I give you Life, and I forgive your Crime;
Yet in this Kindness I shall cruel seem.

Rox. Oh stay, Sir, and but hear what I'll implore.

Solyman. Your Doom is seal'd. I'll never see you more.

Rox. Ah, Sir, you gave what I can never enjoy;
What you preserv'd you instantly destroy.

Solyman. Zarma! Call all to look on my Remorse;
And then be Witnesses of our Divorce.

*Enter Zarma, four of Roxelana's Ladies, Achmat, Haly, the
three Attendants of Multapha and Zanger, eight of the
Guard, and six Pages: The number of the Slaves being
now twenty four.*

Take with your Life perpetual Banishment
Long may you live that you may much repent;
But from my sight be still so far remov'd
As I may quite forget I ever lov'd.

Rox. Ah, Sultan, do but hear what I can say!

Solyman. Oh Cruelty, you kill me if you stay.

Rox. I'll but Forgiveness beg for Love and Grief,
Since both offend you when they seek Relief.

Solyman. Oh Heav'n! still will you speak?

Rox. Sir, I'll depart,
And at your Feet leave a forsaken Heart.

Solyman. Farewel for ever, and to Love farewell!
I'll lock my bosom up where Love did dwell.

I will to Beauty ever shut my Eyes,
And be no more a Captive by Surprise.

But Oh, how little I esteem a Throne
When Love, the Ornament of Pow'r is gone!

FINIS